

The Spanish Tragedie: OR, Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Dan Horatio*, and
Belimperius; with the pitifull death of *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new
Additions of the Painters part, and others, as
it hath of late been diuers times acted.



LONDON.

Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley,
and are to be sold at their Shop ouer against the
Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

The Second Part of Histoire des Anglais. Or The History of England from the Descent of the Romans unto the Present Time.

Continuing the same type end of Don Williams
Bridgeman; with the help of Williams

38.

It is the duty of state police departments to investigate such cases.



London

Stages in the evolution of the monogamous pair. Fig. 2.

A C T Y S P R I M Y S

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Renemus.



I was a Gentleman in the Spanish Court; and of
My name was Don Horatio, a most valiant Soldier.
Through fear, I lost my life, and was buried in
To gracious Fortune, of my Country (which by me), or, in
For there in prime and pride, of all the world, I was
By dutious Service, and deservings, known.
In secret, I possess a most hidellous Disease,
Which hight Sweet Folly, and by that Disease
But in the Harvest of my Sommers, Death did come
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my Bliss,
Forcing divorce betweene my Lord and I.
For in the late Conflict with Portugal, I had
My Valour drew me into Danger, through my
Till life to death, made passage through my
When I was flying, my Soule descended straight
To passe the flaming streame of Acheron, and gresse
But churlish Charon, onely, would not let me pass,
Said, that my rites of Buriall not performed,
I might not fit amongst his Passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis lappes,
And slackt his singaking Chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio our Knight-Marshals sonnes,
My Funerals and Obsequies were done, and
Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content
To passe mee ouer to the grimie Stygian water, where
That leades to fell Avernas ougly waves,
There pleasing Cerberus, with horred speach,

I pass the river, take the road to Hell,

No refuge from the curse of death I find,

Sate down, Earth, and wept.

To whom no soule gan I make approach,

To craue a Pasport for my wandering Ghost,

But Minos in graven leaves of Letterie,

Drew forth the manner of my life and deaſt.

This Knight (quoth he) both liv'd and died in loue,

And for his loue, tried to climbe up the wall of H

And by Wall's fortifie, for both loue and lifte.

Why then (said I) condeyn him hence,

To walke with Louers in our Field of Loue,

And spend the course of euerlaſting time,

Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cyper's shades.

No, no, (sayd Rhadamanthys) it were not well,

With louing soules, to place a Martialist,

Hee died in Warre, and farr to Marciall fieldes:

Where wounded Hector liues in lasting paine,

And Achilles Mermedons to scorne the plaine,

Then Minos, mildest censore of the three,

Made this device, to end the difference:

Send him (quoth hee) to our infernall King,

To doome him as best seethes his Maledicē,

To this effect, my Pasport straighte was drawne,

In keeping off my way to Platos Court,

Trough dreadfull shapes of euill blooming night,

I saw more fightes then thousand Tongues can tell,

Or Pennes can write, or mortal Hearts can thinkes,

Three wayes therewere, thiaſon the right hand ſide,

Was ready way vnto the fareſaid Field,

Where Louers liue, and bloody Marciallites:

But either ſort containde within his bounds,

The lefthand Path, declyning ſcarcely,

Was readie downefall to the deepest Hell,

Where bloody Furies ſhakes their Whippers of Steele,

And poore Ixion turnes an endleſſe Wheele,

Where Vſurers are choaſt with melting Gold,

And Wantons are imbracit with ougly Snakes,

ACTA



And

The Spanish Troubadour

And Murderers greece with ether-balling Wounds,
And periurd wights scalded in boyling Lead,
And all foule sinnes with remouer over which mad
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire Ellesis Grounds,
In mid st whereof, there standes a stately Tower,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant,
Heere finding *Pluto* with his Prospiring
I shewed my Passport humbled on my knee,
Wherat faire Proserpine began to smile,
I begd that onely, shee might give my dooome,
Pluto was pleaseid, and seald it with a kisse.
Forth-with *Rouenge* shee rounded thee in th' arms,
And bade thee lead mee through the Gates of Horrorre,
Where Dreames haue passage in the sijent night,
No sooner had shee spoke, but wee were heare,
(I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye,

Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don *Balthazar* the Prince of *Portugall*,
Depriv'd of life by *Belisarius*,
Heere sit we downe to see the mysterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie!

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, and Hieronimo.
King. Now say, Lord Generall, how fares our Camped
Gen. All well (any souaigne Liege) except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.
King. But what portends thy chearefull countenance,
And boasting to our presence thus in hasten,
Speake man, hath Fortune given vs victory?

Gene. Victorie (my Liege) and that with little losse. b1A
King. Our Portingales will pay vs Tribute then? c1W
Gene. Tribute, and wanted Homage therewithall. f1H
Gene. Then blest the Heauen, and guides of the Heavens,
From whose faire influence, such justice flowes. g1W
Cast. O multum dilecta Deo, cibis in ardentibus noquas; e1R
Et coniunctus ambo pugnare in walle. o1R e1A

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Succumbest: recti ferre rest vicit oris iuris.
King. Thanks to my louing Brother of Castile, in this
But Generall; in briefe Discouer w^t all about his bna
Your forme of battaille, and your Warres successes, I see w^t
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes, I mig uide thid
Vnto the height of former happinesse, I see w^t abysm al
With deeper wage, and greater dignitie, I see w^t Lawd T
We may reward thy blisfull Chivalrie, and I see w^t painfull
Gen. Where Spain and Portugale doe ioynath knitts w^t
Their Frontires, leaning on each others Bound, I see w^t
There mette our Armies in their proude array, I see w^t god I
Both furnisht well; both full of hope and feare, I see w^t god I
Both menacing a like with daring Showes, I see w^t god I
Both vaunting sundry Colours of device, I see w^t god I
Both chearely sounding Trumpets, Drummes, and Fifes, I see w^t
Both rayning dreadfull Clamors to the Skie, I see w^t god I
That Vallies, Hilles, and Rivers, made rebound, I see w^t god I
And Heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.
Our Battailles both were picht in quadron forme, I see w^t H T
Each corner strongly fence^d with wings of Shot, I see w^t
But ere we ioyned and came to push of Pike, I see w^t god I
I brought a Squadron of our readiest Shot, I see w^t god I
From out our Rearward, I see w^t begin the fight, I see w^t god I
They brought another Wing to encounter vs, I see w^t god I
Meane while, our Ordinaunce played on either side, I see w^t
And Captaines strove to haue their valours tried, I see w^t
Don Pedro their chife Horsemens Coronell, I see w^t god I
Did with his Coronet bruely make attempt, I see w^t god I
To breake the Order of our Battailr rankes, I see w^t god I
But Don Rogero, worthy man of Warre, I see w^t god I
Marcht foorth against him with our Muskatiuers, I see w^t god I
And stopt the malice of his fell approach, I see w^t god I
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro, I see w^t god I
Both Battailles joyné, and fall to handy blowes: I see w^t god I
Their violent Shot resembling th' Oceans rage, I see w^t god I
When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde, I see w^t god I
It beates vpon the rampires of huge Rockes, I see w^t god I
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding Landes, I see w^t

Now

Now while Bellona rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters Haile,
And shiuered Launces, dark'd the troubled Ayre.

Pede Pes, & cuspido cuspis, f. & d. l. v. i. c. x. v. i. d. o. g. o. i. o. c. x. x. v. i. d. o. g. o. i. o. c. x. x.

On euery side drop Captaunes to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maimde, some slaine outright:
Heere falleth a Body fundered from his Head,
There Legs & Armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with Weapons, and vnbownd Steedes,
That scattering, ouer-spread the purple Plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long houres and more,
The Victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till Don Andrea with his braue Launciers,
In this maine Battaile made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayde, the multitude retirde:
But Balthazar the Portingales young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encouragde them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was Andrea slaine:
Braue man at Armes, but weak to Balthazar:
Yet while the Prince insulting over him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts sounding to our reprobh,
Friendship and hardie valour ioyned in one,
Prickt foorth Heras our Knight-marshals Sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betwene these twaine the fight indured:
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forc'd to yeeld him prisoner to his foote:
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pouched them to death,
Till Paebus, swauning to the Westerne deepe,
Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.

King. Thankes good L. Generall, for these good newyes,
And for some argument of more to come, if I shal morow.
Take this, and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake. *Presently*
With this sayes he to him Giver him his Chaines,
A *Presently* *But*

But tell me now, Hast thou confirm'd a peace? Now I will w
Gen. No Peace (my Liege) but Peace conditionall; so that
That if with homage & tribute may be payde, then the King
The furie of our forces will be stayde. Then to my Liege
And to that Peace, their Country hath subscribed.

And made a solemnne Vow, that during life, in all his soule
This Tribute shall be truely payde to my selfe & to his
King. These words, these deedes, become thy person well
But now Knight Marshall, frolicke with the King, w^t his son
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battell peiz. And to my Liege
Hiero. Long may he live to serue my Soueraigne Liege, & al
And soone decay, vntesse he serue my Liege.

King. Nor thou, nor hee, shal die without rewarden and al
What meanes this warning of the Trumpet sounds? Had not
Gen. This tells me, that your Grace aman of Warres
Such as Warres fortune hathe sayd from death,
Come marching on towards your roiall State,
To shew themselves before your Maiestie. And in their countrie
For so I gave them charge to my knyghts; which
Whereby by demonstration shall appear, that
That all, excep three hundred, on sommoning
Are safe returnd, and by their fassinhicht baird has quicquid.

King. A gladsome sight, allonges seachem haered
Was that the warlike Prince of Portugal.
Gen. It was (my Liege) the Prince of Portugal.
King. But whos was hee, that on the other side,
Held him by th' arme, as parante of the Prince?

Hiero. That was my Sonne (my grānge & Soueraigne),
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well for him,
Hee neuer pleasid his Fathers eyes till now,
Not fild my heart with ouer-cleying ioyes.

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Go, let them march once more about these walles.
That staying them, we may conferre and talke
With our braue Prisoner, and his double Guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our Victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploynge
Bring hither the young Prince of *Portingale*,
The rest march on: But ere they be dismissit,
Wee will bestow on every Souldier two Duckets,
And on every Leader ten; that they may know
Our Larges welcoms them.
Welcome *Don Balthazar*, Welcome Nephew:
And thou *Horatio*, thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy Fathers hard misdeeds,
In keeping backe the Tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands;
Yet shalt thou know, that Spaine is honourable.

Balt. The trespassse that my Father made in Peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the Warres:
And Cards once dealt, it bootes not askewhy soe
His Men are staine; a weakning to the Realme,
His Cullours ceazd; a blot vnto his name:
His Sonne distrest, a corisue to his heart:
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balthazar*, if he obserues this Truce,
Our Peace will grow the stronger for these Warres:
Meane while, liue thou as though thou were in liberie,
Yet from bearing any seruile yoake:
For in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight, thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell mee, (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twaine, art thou Prisoner?

Lore. To mee, my Liege.

Hora. To mee my Soueraigne.

Lore. This hand first tooke the Courser by the Raines.

Hora. But first my Launce did put him from his Morfe.

Lore. I ceaz'd his Weapon, and enioyd it first.

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Hora. But first I forc'd him lay his Weapons downe.

King. Let go his arme vpon our Priviledge. Let him go.
So, worthy Prince, to whither didst thou yeeld?

Bal. To him, in cartesie : to this, perforce :
Hee spake me faire ; this other gaue me stroakes ;
Hee promisde life ; this other threatened death :
Hee wan my loue, this other conquered mee :
And truth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hiro. But that I know your Grace for just and wise,
And might seeme partiall in this difference,
Inforst by Nature, and by Law of Armes,
My tongue shold plead for young Horatios right.
Hee hunted well, that was a Lions death,
Not hee that in a garment wore his skinnes,
So Hares may pull dead Lions by the Beard.

King. Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong,
And for thy sake, thy Sonne shall want no right,
Will both abide the censure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awardes.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my judgement, thus your strife shall end ;
You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his Weapons and his Horse ;
His Weapons and his Horse, are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld :
His Ransome therefore is thy valours fee :
Appoynt the summe, as you shall both agree,
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatios House were small for all his traine ;
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.

How likes Don Balthazar of this deuise ?

Bal. Right well (my Liege) if this promise were,
That Don Horatio beare vs companie,
Whom I admire and loue for Chivalrie.

King. Horatio, leauch him not, that loues thee so.

Now

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Now let vs hence to see our Soldiers payde,
And feast our Prisoner as our friendly guest.

Enter Viceroy, Alessandro, Villappo, baron of Flandres.

Vice. Is our Embassador dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two dayes (my Liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payement gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heare awhile in our vntrest,

And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes;

For deepest cares breake never into teares.

But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,

This better fits a wretches endles moane?

Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,

And therfore better then my state deserues.

Fals to the ground.

I, I, this Earth, Image of McLancholy,

Seekes him whom fates adiudged to miserie

Heere let mee lie; now am I at the lowest.

Quia iacet in terra, non habet unde cadat,

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,

Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereave mee of my Crownes,

Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worst,

She will not robbe mee of this sable weede:

O no, shes enuies none but pleasant things,

Such is the follie of dispightfull chaunce,

Fortune is blind, and sees not my desrites,

So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:

And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad:

And therefore will not pittie my distresse.

Suppose that she could pittie mee, What then?

What helpe can be expected at her hands,

Whose foote standing on a rawling stone,

And Minde more mutable then fickle Windes,

Why waile I then where's hope of no redresse?

O yes! complayning, makes my grieve seeme lessse,

My late Ambition hath distaind my Fayth:

My breach of Fayth, occasion'd bloodie Warres,

Those blodie Warres, haue spent my Treasures,

The Spanish Tragedie.

And with my Treasure, my peoples Blood:
And with their Blood, my Joy and best Beloued;
My best Beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeares were mellow, his but young and greene:
My death were naturall, but his was forced:

Alex. No doubt (my Liege) but still the Prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I but where?

Alex. In Spaine a Prisoner, by mischaunce of Warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his Fathers faulc.

Alex. That were a breach to common Law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no Lawes, that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransoms worth, will stay from feule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flic faster still then good.

Vice. Tell mee no more of newes; for hee is dead.

Villup. My Soueraigne, pardon the Author of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be;

Mine care is ready to receiue ill newes:

Mine heart growne hard against mischiefes batterie:

Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth, which these mine eyes haue seen
When both the Armies were in Battaille ioyn'd,

Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,

To winne Renowne, did wondrous scates of Armes:

Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand,

In single fight with their Lord Generall,

Till *Alexandro*, (that heere counterfeites

Vnder the colour of a dutious friend)

Discharg'd his Pistoll at the Princes backe,

As though he would haue slaine their Generall:

But therewithall, Don Balthazar fell downe:

And when he fell, then wee began to flic:

But had he liu'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie: O trayterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: But now Villuppsay,

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Where then became the Carkasse of my Sonne?

Villup. I saw them dragge it to the Spanish Tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly Dreames haue told mee this answere
Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull, trayterous beast,
Wherin had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldest thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish Gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchaunce because thou art Terseua-Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diademe,
If first my Sonne, and then my selfe, were slaine:
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke:
I, this was it that made thee spill his Blood.

He takes the Crowne, and putt's it on againe.

But now Ile weare it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe(dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

Vice. Away with him, his fight is second Hell,
Keep him till wee determine of his death.
If Balthazar be dead, hee shall not live.
Villuppo, follow vs for thy reward.

Villup. Thus haue I with an eniuious forged tale,
Deceiued the King, betrayed mine enemie,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Enter Horatio and Belsimperia.

Bcl. Signior Horatio, this is the place, and hower,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstaunce of Don Andreas death:
Who living, was my Garlands sweetest Flower,
And in his death, hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,
Ile not refuse this heauie dolefull charge:
Yet teares and fighes, (I feare) will hinder mee,
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthie Chauilire amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause, still ayming at the fairest,
Was at the last, by young Don Balthazar,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,

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Their strength alike, their stroakes both dangerous
But wrathfull Nemesis, that wicked power,
Enuying at Andreas prayse and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his prayse and worth;
Shee, shee, her selfe, disguisde in Armours maske,
(as Pallas was before proud Pergamus)
Brought in fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his Horse, and dingd him to the ground:
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthlesse rage,
Taking aduantage of his Roos distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till Andreas life was done.
Then, (though too late) incenst with iust remorse,
I with my Band, set foorth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him, that flue my Louer:
But then, was Don Andreas Oakasse lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,
Nor stept I backe, till I recovered him:
I tooke him vp, and wound him in my armes, wilot,
And welding him ynto my priuate Tent,
There laide him downe, and deawd him with my teares,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend:
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes, nor teares,
Could win pale Death from his vsurped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe,
I saw him honoured with due Funerall:
This Scarfe pluckt off from his liuelesse arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my Friend!

Bel. I know the Scarfe; would he had kept it still,
For had he liued, he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his Belimperias sake,
For twas my Fauour at his last depart:
But now weare it both for him and mee,
For after him, thou hast deserued it best:
But for thy kindnesse in his life and death,
Be sure while Belimperias life endures,
He will be Don Horatios thankefull friend,

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Hor. And (Madame) Don Horatio will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire Belimperia.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your Pardon to goe seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your Father gaue me charge.

Bcl. I, goe Horatio, leue me heere alone,
For solitude best fits my chearelesse mood:
Yet what auayles to wayle Andreas death,
From whence Horatio proues my second Loue?
Had he not loued Andreas as he did,
He could not fit in Belimperiaes thoughts.
But how can Loue find harbour in my breast,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?
Yes, second Loue shall further my reuenge;
Ile loue Horatio my Andreas friend
The more, to spight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my Loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdaine,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deede:
For what wast else, but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
Without respect of Honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, What meanes this melancholy walke?

Bcl. That for a while I wish no companie.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visit you.

Bcl. That argues that he liues at libertie.

Bal. No, Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bcl. Your Prison then (belike) is your Conceite.

Bal. I, by Conceite my freedome is enthralde.

Bcl. Then with Conceite, enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What if Conceite haue laide my Heart to gage?

Bcl. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.

Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.

Bcl. A heartlesse man, and liues? a miracle.

Bal. I lady, Loue can worke such miracles.

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Lor. Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages,
And in plaine termes, acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What bootes complaint, when there's no remedie.

Bal. Yes to your gracious selfe must I complaine,
In whose faire answere, lies my remedie.
On whose perfection, all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect, mine eyes find beauties bower :
In whose translucent breastes, my heart is lodged.

Bel. Alasse (my Lord) these are but words of course,
And but deuise'd to driue me from this place.

She going in, lets fall her Glove, which Horatio
comming out, takes up.

Hor. Madame, your Glove.

Bel. Thankes good Horatio, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time.

Hor. I reap'd more grace then I deseru'd, or hop'd,

Lor. My Lord, be not dismayde for what is past,
You know that Women oft are humerous :
These Cloudes will ouer-blow with little Winde;
Let mee alone, Ile scatter them my selfe :
Meane while, let vs devise to spend the time
In some delight-some sports and revelling.

Hor. The King (my Lord) is comming hither straight,
To feast the Portingale Embassadour :
Things were in readinesse before I came.

Bal. Then heare it fittes vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embassadour.

King. See Lord Embassadour, how Spaine intreats
Their Prisoner Balthazar, thy Viceroyes sonne :
Wee pleasure more in kindnesse, then in Warres.

Embass. Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by Beauties tyrannie:
You see (my Lord) how Balthazar is slaine :
I frolike with the Duke of Castiles Sonne,
Wrapt euery hour in pleasures of the Court,

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And grac'd with faours of his Majestie.

King. Put off your greetings till our Feast be done:

Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheare:

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second Guest:

Brother, sit downe; and Nephew take your place:

Sgnior Horatio, waite thou vpon our Cuppe,

For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.

Now Lordings, fall too; Spaine is Portingale,

And Portingale is Spaine; Wee both are friends:

Tribute is payde, and we enjoy our right.

But where is old Hieronimo our Marshall?

He promised vs in honour of our Guest,

To grace our Banquet with some pompous leſt.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme, three Knights, each his

Scutchin: then he fesches three Kings, they take

their Grommes and them capture.

Hieronimo, this Maske contents mine eye.

Although I sound not well the my sterie.

Hiero. The first arm'd Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,

He takes the Scutchin and gives it to the King.

Was English Robert Earle of Glouceſter,

Who when King Stephen brogway in Albion,

Arrived with fiue and twentie thousand men,

In Portingale, and by successe of Warre,

Enforced the King (then but a Sarasin)

To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you ſee,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late diſcomfort ſeeme the leſſe.
But ſay Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hiero. The ſecond Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,

He deſt as he did before.

Was Edmond Earle of Kent in Albion,

When English Richerd wore the Diadem:

He came likewife and razed Lisbon Walles,

And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:

For which, and other ſuch like ſervice done,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hee after was created Duke of Torke.

King. This is an other speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,

When it by little England hath been yoakt.

But now Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last, not least in our account,

Doing as he did before.

Was (as the rest) a valiant English-man,

Braue John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,

As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare:

Hee with a puissant Armie came to Spaine,

And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Emboss. This is an argument for our Viceroy,

That Spaine may not insult for her successe,

Since English Warriours likewise conquered Spaine,

And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,

Which hath pleasd both the Embassadour and meeselves.

Pledge mee Hieronimo, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cuppe of Hieronimo.

My Lord, I feare we sit but over long,

Unlesse our Dainties were more delicate:

But welcome are you to the best we haue.

Now let vs in, that we may be dispatcht,

I thinke our Counsell is already set.

Andrea.

Come we for this, from deapth of vnder ground,

To see him feast, that gaue me my deaths wound:

These pleasant sights, are sorrow to my soule,

Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting.

Rentge.

Be still Andrea, ere we goe from hence,

We turne their Friendship into fell Despight:

Their Loue, to mortall Hate; their Day, to Night;

Their Hope into Despaire, their Peace to Warrs;

Their loyes to Paine, their blisse to Miserie.

Actus

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Bal'azar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though Belimperia seeme thus coy,
Let Reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time, the sauage Bull sustaines the Yoake:
In time, all haggard Hawkes will stoope to Lure:
In time, small Wedges cleave the hardest Oake:
In time, the hardest Flint is pearst with softest Shower,
And shee in time, will fall from her disdaine,
And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall
Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stonic Wall.
But wherefore blot I Belimperia's name?
It is my fault, not shee, that merites blame,
My Feature is not to content her sight:
My Words are rude, and worke her no delight:
The Lines I send her, are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pen and Marse quill:
My Presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthlesse, all my labour's lost:
Yet might shee loue me for my Valiancie,
I, but that's slaughtered by Captiuallie.
Yet might shee loue me, to content her Sire:
I, but her Reason maisters her Desire:
Yet might shee loue me, as her Brothers Friende,
I, but her Hopes ayme at some other end,
Yet might shee loue me, to upreare her State:
I, but perhaps shee hopes some Nobler mate,
Yet might shee loue me, as her Beauties thrall,
I, but I feare shee can not loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake, leue these exacles,
And doubt not but weele finde some remedie:
Some cause there is, that less you not beloued.
First, that must needs be knowne, and then remooved.
What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. My Sommers day, will turne to Winters night.

Lor. I haue alreadie found a stratageme,

To sound the botome of this doubtfull theame.

My Lord, for once you shall be ruled by mee,

Hinder me not what ere you heare or see :

By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,

To find the truth of all this Question out.

Ho, Pedringano!

Pedr. Signior.

Enter Petringano.

Lor. Vien que presto.

Pedr. Hath your Lordship any service to command mee?

Lor. I Pedringano, service of import.

And not to spend the time in trifling Words,

Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou knowest)

Since I did shield thee from my Fathers wrath,

For thy conueyance in Andrees loue:

For which, thou were adjudged to punishment;

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:

And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee

Now to these fauours will I adde reward,

Not with faire Words, but store of golden Coyne,

And Lands and Liuing, joyned with Dignities,

If thou but satisfie my iust demand;

Tell truth, and haue mee for thy lasting friend.

Pedr. What ere it be, your Lordship shall demand;

My bounden dutie bids mee tell the truth,

If case in mee it lyes to tell the truth.

Lore. Then Pedringano, this is my demand,

Whom loues my Sister Belimperie,

For shee reposeth all her trust in thee?

Speake man, and gaine both friendship and reward:

I meane, Whom loues sice in Andrees place?

Ped. Alasse my Lord, since Dom Andrews death,

I haue no credite with her as before:

And therefore know not if shee loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe,

And seare shall force; what friendship can not win?

Thy death shal burie what thy life conceales;

Thou

Thou dieſt for more esteeming her, then me.

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet ſpeak the truth, and I will gaerdon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can enſue,
And will conceale what ere proceedes from thee : heſt
But if thou dally once againe, thou dieſt.

Ped. If Madame Belimperia be in loue, heſt that I ſay,

Lor. What villainie, iſſe and ands? heſt that I ſay,

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord ! ſhee loues Horatio.

Balthazar ſtarthes backe to V

Lor. What, Don Horatio our Knight-marſhals ſonne?

Ped. Euen him, my Lord.

Lor. Now ſay, but how knoweft thou that he is her loue,

And thou ſhalt find me kind and liberall.

Stand vp I ſay, and feareleſſe tell the truth.

Ped. She ſent him Letters, which my ſelfe peruadē,

Full fraught with lines and arguments of Loue,

Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

Lor. Sweare on this Crosse, that what thou ſayeft is true.

And that thou wilt conceale what thou haſt told.

Ped. I ſwear to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy rewarden:

But if I prooue thee periurde and vniuſt, vniuant and diuerd,

This very Sword whereon thou tookſt thine Oath, won bat

Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue ſayd, is true; and ſhall for moore this bat

Be ſtill conceald from Belimperia.

Befides, your Honors liberalitie, bat and vnoſt and uoyſt

Deserues my dutious ſervice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou ſhall do for me,

Be watchfull when, and where, theſe Louers meete,

And giue me notiſe, in ſome ſecret ſort.

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then ſhall thou find that I am libegall.

Thou knowſt that I can more aduaunce thy ſtate,

Then ſee; be therefore wiſe, and fayle me not;

Get and attend her, as thy cuſtome is,

Leaſt abſence make her thiſke thou doſt amifle.

Exit Ped.
Why

Why so? Tans armis, quam in genio?
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes;
But Gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad, and sad: How blidt be A
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue; qd v. ad W. ad 3
Sad, that I feare she hates mee, whom I loue; v. ad M. ad 1
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged; v. ad W. ad 3
Sad, that shele fli mee, if I take reuenge; v. ad M. ad 1
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For Loueresisted, growes impatient. v. ad M. ad W. ad 3
I thinke Horatio be my destin'd plague: v. ad M. ad 3
First, in his hand he brandished a Swordt; v. ad M. ad 1
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre; qd v. ad W. ad 3
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous Waunds; qd v. ad W. ad 3
And by those Wounds, he forced me to yeld; v. ad M. ad 1
And by my yelding, I became his Slave. v. ad M. ad 3
Now in his mouth, he carries pleasing Words, and guiriting
Which pleasing Words, doe harbour sweete Conceits, v. ad 3
Which sweete Conceits, smooth Belimperious Eares, v. ad 3
And through her Eares, drie downe into her Heart; v. ad 3
And in her Heart sets him; where I should stand; v. ad M. ad 1
Thus hath he tane my Body by his Force, v. ad M. ad 3
And now by Sleight, would captivate my Soule; v. ad M. ad 1
But in his fall He tempt the Destinies; v. ad M. ad 3
And either lose my life, or win my Loue. v. ad M. ad 1

Lor. Lets goe, (my Lord) your stayng stayes Reuenge, v. ad 3
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue, v. ad M. ad 3
Her fauour must be won by his remoue. v. ad M. ad 3

Enter Horatio and Belimperius ad v. ad 3

Hor. Now Madame, fited by fauour of your loue; v. ad 3
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame; v. ad 3
And that with lookes and words we feed our thoughts, v. ad 3
Two chiefe contents, where more can not be had; v. ad 3
Thus in the midft of Loues faire blandishments, v. ad 3
Why shew you signes of inward languishments? v. ad 3

Pedring and Romeo all to the Prince and Louise,

All in a rowe placing them in fronte, and so forth.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. My Heart (sweete Friend) is like a Ship at See, *2d* I
She wisheth Port, where ryding all at ease, *3d* *4th* *5th* *6th* *7th* O
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne: *8th* *9th* *10th* *11th* *12th* I
And leaning on the Shoare, may sing with ioy, *13th* *14th* *15th* *16th* *17th* I
That Pleasure follow Paine, and Blisse Annoy. *18th* *19th* *20th* H
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port *21st* *22nd* *23rd* *24th* *25th* L
Wherein my Heart with feares and hopes long tost, *26th* *27th* *28th* *29th* *30th* A
Each houre doth wish and long to make report, *31st* *32nd* *33rd* *34th* F
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost: *35th* *36th* *37th* *38th* T
And sitting safe, to sing in Cupids Quire, *39th* *40th* *41st* *42nd* *43rd* W
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire. *44th* *45th* A

Balthazar and Loren alone. *1*

Bal. O sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophandy;
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my Discontent:
Die Heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the Loue disioynd:
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
Leave Heart to ioy at fond Horatios fall.

Bel. Why stands Horatio speachlesse all this while.
Hor. The lessc I speake, the more I meditate.
Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?
Hor. On Dangers past, and Pleasures to ensue.
Bal. On Pleasures past, and Dangers to ensue.
Bel. What Dangers, and what Pleasures dost thou meane?
Hor. Dangers of Warre, and Pleasures of our Loue.
Lor. Dangers of Death, but Pleasures none at all.
Bel. Let Dangers goe, thy Warre shall be with mee:
But such a Warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.
Speake thou faire Words, Ile croffe them with faire Words:
Send thou sweet Lookes, Ile smete them with sweet Lookes:
Write louing Lines, Ile answer louing Lines:
Give me a Kisse, Ile counterchecke thy Kisse:
Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull Warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoyn the Field,
Where tryall of this Warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes.
Bal. Then by thy Fathers pleasant Bowet, the Field
Where first we vowde our mutuall assuite:

Why so? Tans armis, quan ingenio?
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes: .vij. l.ij.
But Gold doth more then either of them both. .vij. l.ij.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? .vij. l.ij.

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad, and sad: .vij. l.ij.
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue: .vij. l.ij.
Sad, that I feare she hates mee, whom I loue: .vij. l.ij.
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged: .vij. l.ij.
Sad, that shee'll flee mee, if I take revenge: .vij. l.ij.
Yet must I take revenge, or die my selfe,
For Loueresisted, growes impatient. .vij. l.ij.
I thinke Horatio be my destin'd plague: .vij. l.ij.
First, in his hand he brandished a Sword: .vij. l.ij.
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre: .vij. l.ij.
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous Wounds: .vij. l.ij.
And by those Wounds, he forced me to yeeld: .vij. l.ij.
And by my yeelding, I became his Slave: .vij. l.ij.
Now in his mouth, he carries pleasing Words, .vij. l.ij.
Which pleasing Words, doe harbour sweete Conceits, .vij. l.ij.
Which sweete Conceits, smooth Belimperians Eares, .vij. l.ij.
And through her Eares, drie downe into her Heart: .vij. l.ij.
And in her Heart sets him; where I should stand: .vij. l.ij.
Thus hath he tane my Body by his Force, .vij. l.ij.
And now by Sleight, would captiuate my Soule: .vij. l.ij.
But in his fall Ile tempt the Destinies, .vij. l.ij.
And either lose my life, or win my Loue. .vij. l.ij.

Lor. Lets goe, (my Lord) your staying stayes Revenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue, Harry, .vij. l.ij.
Her fauour must be won by his remoue. .vij. l.ij.

Enter Horatio and Belimperia. .vij. l.ij.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame: .vij. l.ij.
And that with lookes and words we fced our thoughts, .vij. l.ij.
Two chiefe contents, where more can not be had: .vij. l.ij.
Thus in the midst of Loues faire blandishments, I wond not
Why shew you signe of inward languishments? .vij. l.ij.

Pedring and Romeo all to the Prince and Lorraine,

All in a row placing themselves beside Alice, .vij. l.ij.

Bal.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. My Heart (sweete Friend) is like a Ship at Sea,
She wisheth Port, wher ryding all at ease,
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the Shoare, may sing with ioy,
That Pleasure follow Paine, and Blisse Annoy.
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port
Wherin my Heart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost:
And fitting fasse, to sing in Cupids Quire,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire.

Balthazar and Loren alone.

Bal. O sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophandy,
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my Discontent:
Die Heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the Loue disioynd:
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
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Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

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Hor. Dangers of Warre, and Pleasures of our Loue.

Lor. Dangers of Death, but Pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let Dangers goe, thy Warre shall be with mee:
But such a Warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.

Speake thou faire Words, Ile croffe them with faire Words:

Send thou sweet Looke, Ile meete them with sweet Looke:

Write louing Lines, Ile answere louing Lines:

Giue me a Kisse, Ile counterchecke thy Kisse:

Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull Warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoyn the Field,
Where tryall of this Warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes.

Bal. Then by thy Fathers pleasant Bowet, the Field
Where first we vowed our mutuall amitie:

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe :
Our houre shall be, when Vesper gins to rise, & that will be
That summons home distresfull trauellers:
There none shall heare vs, but the harmelesse Birds;
Happily the gentle Nightingale,
Shall caroll vs asleepe ere we beware,
And singing with the Psickle at her brest
Tell our delight, and mychfull dalliance.
Till then, each houre will seeme a yare and more.

Her. But Hony sweete, and honourable Loue,
Returne we now into your Fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waites on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with ielous dispight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night. Exeunt.

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassador, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your Daughter Belimperia?

Cip. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time:
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassador of Portingale,
Aduise thy King to make this Marriage vp,
For strengthning of our late confirmed League:
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her Dowrie shall be large and liberall:
Besides that, she is Daughter and halfe Heire
Vnto our Brother heire, *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enjoy the moitie of his Land:
He grace her Marriage with an Vnckles gift,
And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The Tribune which you pay, shall be released:
And if by Balthazar she have a Sonne,

Hee shall enjoy the Kingdome after vs.

Embas. We make this motion to our Soueraigne liege,
And workes it, if my counseil may preuale.

King.

King. Doe so (my Lord,) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere, will honour vs,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your Grace to command me ought besidē?

King. Commende mee to the King; and so fare-well.
But where's Prince Balthazar, to take his leaue?

Emba. That is performde alreadie, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward:
It was Horatio our Knight-marshals sonne.

Emb. Betweene vs, there's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient sped.

King. Then once againe, fare-well, my Lord.

Emb. Fare-well my Lord of Castile, and the rest. Exit.

King. Now Brother, you must take some little paine,
To win faire Belimperia from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate, and ours:
Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,
Endeauour you to win your Daughters thought:
If shee give backe, all this will come to nought. Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hora. Now that the night begins with sable winges
To ouer-cloud the brightnesse of the Sunne,
And that in darknesse pleasures may be done:
Come Belimperia, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringanos fayth?

Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.

Goe Pedringano, watch without the Gare,

D.

And let vs know if any make reproch.

Ped. In stead of watching, Ile deserue more Gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match.

Exit Ped.

Hor. What meanes my Loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:

And yet my Heart foretels me some mischaunce.

Hor. Sweete, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend,

And Heauens haue shut vp day, to pleasure vs:

The Starres (thou seest) hold backe their twinkling shine,

And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuailde, Ile conquer my misdoubt,

And in thy loue and counsell, drowne my feare:

I feare no more, Loue now is all my thoughts.

Why sit we not, for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sittst within these leauie Bowers,

The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.

Bel. I, but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,

Her iclous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame how the Birdes record by night,

For ioy that *Belimperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No, Cupid counterfeites the Nightingale,

To frame sweete Musick to *Horatios* tale.

Hor. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not farre:

I, thou art Venus, or some fairer Starre.

Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needes be Mars,

And where Mars raigneth, there must needes be Warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our Warres; put foorth thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set foorth thy foote, to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my lookes shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this Kisse at thee.

Hor. Thus I returne the Dart thou threwst at mee.

Bel. Nay, then to gaine the glorie of the Field,

My twining Armes shall yoake, and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then my Armes are large and strong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are compast, till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayest thou read, that life in passion dyes.

Hor.

The Spanish Tragian.

Hor. O stay awhile, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.

Bel. Who's there, Pedringano? We are betrayde.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her. Take her aside.
O sir, forbear; your valour is already tride.
Quickly dispatch my masters. They hang him in the Arbour.

Hor. What, will yee murder mee?

Lor. I thus, &c thus: these are the fruits of loue. They stab him.

Bel. O sauе his life, and let me die for him;
O sauе him Brother, sauе him Balthazar.
I loued *Horatio*, but hee loued not me.

Bal. But Balthazar loues *Belimperiador*.

Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest, now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder: helpe Hieronimo, helpe.

Lor. Come, stop her mouth: away with her. *Excomit.*

Enter Hieronimo in his Shirt.

Hiero. What out-cry eals me from my naked Bed,
And chils my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which never danger yet could daught before? Or
Who calls Hieronimo? speake, heere I am.
I did not flumber, therefore t'was no Dreame.
No, no; it was some Woman criide for helpe,
And heere within the Garden did she cry,
And in this Garden must I rescue her.
But stay, What murderous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd vp, and all the Murderers gone;
And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on mee?
This place was made for Pleasure, not for Death,

He cuts him downe.

Those Garments that he weares, I oft haue scene:
Alasse, it is *Horatio* my sweete Sonne:
O no, but he that who whilome was my Sonne.
Oh, was it thou that call'dst mee from my Bed:
Oh speake, if any sparke of life remaine:
I am thy Father, Who hath slaine my Sonne?
What sauge Monster, not of humane kind,

Heere hath been glutted with thy harmelesse blood,
And left thy bloody Corps dishonoured heere
For mee, amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drownc thee with an Ocean of my Teares?
Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer sinne?
By day, this deed of darknesse had not been.
Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time deuower,
The vile prophane of this sacred Bower.
Oh poore Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked Butcher, what so ere thou wert,
How couldst thou strangle Virtue and Desert?
Aye mee most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
In leesing my Horatio my sweete Boy.

Enter Isabella.

Ifa. My Husband absent, makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo!

Hiero. Heere Isabella, helpe me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Ifa. What world of griefe? My sonne Horatio,
Oh where's the author of this endlesse woe?

Hiero. To know the author, were some easse of griefe,
For in reuenge, my heart would find reliefe.

Ifa. Then is he gone? and is my Sonne gone too?
Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
Blow sighes, and raise an euerlasting storme,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.

Aye mee Hieronimo; sweete Husband speake.

Hiero. Hee slept with vs to night frolick and merrie,
And sayd, he would goe visit Balthazar
At the Dukes Palace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custome to stay out so late,
Hee may be in his Chamber; some go see. Rodorigo Ho.

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Ifa. Aye mee, he raignes: sweete Hieronimo.

Hiero. True, all Spaine takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloved,
His Maiestie the other day did grace him

The Spanish Tragedie.

With waighting on his Cup: these be fauours,
Which doe assure me he can not be short liued.

Ifa. Sweete Hieronimo.

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the truth of all:

Jaques, run to the Duke of Castiles presently,
And bid my sonne Horatio to come home,
I, and his Mother, haue had strange Dreames to night:
Doe yee hearre me fir? Jaques. I fir.

Hiero. Well sir, be gon: Pedro, come hither,
Knowest thou who this is?

Ped. Too well fir.

Hiero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace Isabell.
Nay blushe not man,

Ped. It is my Lord Horatio.

Hier. Ha, ha, Saint James; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hiero. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne Horatio,
His Garments are so like: Ha, are they not great persuasions?

Ifa. O would to God it were not so.

Hier. Were not Isabell? Dost thou dreame it is?
Can thy soft boosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischefe should be done,
On one so pure and spotlesse as our Sonne,
Away, I am ashamed.

Ifa. Deare Hieronimo, cast a more serious eye vp thy grise
Weake apprehension giues but weake beliefe.

Hiero. It was a man sure that was hanged vp heere,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it should prooue my Sonne now after all,
Say you, say you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God, confusion, mischefe, torment, death, and Hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold boosome,
That now is stiffe with horrour; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,

Heere hath beene gluttred with thy harmelesse blood,
And left thy bloody Corps dishonoured heere
For mee, amidst this darkē and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my Teares?
Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer sinnes?
By day, this deed of darknesse had not been.
Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time deuower,
The vile prophane of this sacred Bower.
Oh poore Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked Butcher, what so ere thou wert,
How couldst thou strangle Virtue and Desert?
Aye mee most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
In leesing my Horatio my sweete Boy.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My Husband's absence, makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo!

Hiro. Heere Isabella, helpe me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe? My sonne Horatio,
Oh where's the author of this endlesse woe?

Hiero. To know the author, were some easse of griefe,
For in reuenge, my heart would find reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my Sonne gone too?
Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
Blow sighes, and raise an everlasting storme,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.
Aye mee Hieronimo; sweete Husband speake.

Hiero. Hee slept with vs to night frolicke and merrie,
And sayd, he would goe visit Balthazar
At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custome to stay out so late,
Hee may be in his Chamber; some go see. *Rodrigo Ho.*

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Isa. Aye mee, he raves: sweete Hieronimo.

Hiero. True, all Spaine takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloved,
His Maestic the other day did grace him

The Spaniſh Tragedie.

With waighting on his Cup: theſe be fauours,
Which doe assure me he can not be ſhort liued.

Iſa. Sweete Hieronimo.

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha,ſirha, Ile know the truth of all:

Jaqes, run to the Duke of Castiles preſently,
And bid my ſonne Horatio to come home,
I, and his Mother, haue had ſtrange Dreames to night:
Doe yee hear me fir

Jaqes. I fir.

Hiero. Well fir, be gon: Pedro, come hither;
Knoweft thou who this is?

Ped. Too well fir.

Hiero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace Isabella.
Nay bluſh not man,

Ped. It is my Lord Horatio.

Hier. Ha,ha, Saint James; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my ſelfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hiero. I, I would haue ſworne my ſelfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne Horatio,
His Garments are ſo like: Ha, are they not great perfwafons?

Iſa. O would to God it were not ſo.

Hier. Were not Isabella? Dooſt thou dreame it is?
Can thy ſoft boofome entertaine a thought,
That ſuch a blacke deed of miſchiefe ſhould be done,
On one ſo pure and spotleſſe as our Sonne;
Away, I am aſhamed.

Iſa. Deare Hieronimo, caſt a more ſerious eye vpon thy grife
Weake apprehenſion giues but weake beliefe.

Hiero. It was a man ſure that was hanged vp heere,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it ſhould prooue my Sonne now after all,
Say you, ſay you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God, conuulfion, miſchiefe, torment, death, and Hell,
Drop all your ſtinges at once in my cold boofome,
That now is ſtiffe with horrore; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,

The Spanish Tragedie.

And drop this deed of Murder downe on mee, and giue me
Gird in my wast of griefe, with thy large darknesse,
And let mee not suruiue, to see the light, wch
May put me in the minde I had a Sonne, & know I

Isa. O sweete Horatio, O my dearest Sonne:

Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to griescom, wch
Sweete louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time, wch
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betrayde: wch
Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are stayde: wch

Isa. And Ile close vp the Glasses of his sight, wch
For once these Eyes were onely my delight: wch

Hier. Seest thou this Hand-kircher besmeard with blood?
It shall not from mee, till I take revengē: wch
Seest thou these Woundes that yet are bleeding fresh? wch
Ile not intombe them, till I haue revengē: wch
Then will I joy amidst my discontent: wch
Till then, my sorrow never shall be spent: wch

Isa. The Heauens are iust, Murder can not be hid:
Time is the author both of Truth and Right: wch
And Time will bring this treacherie to light: wch

Hier. Meane while, good Isabella, cease thy plaintes,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile: wch
So shall we sooner finde the practise out, wch
And learne by whom all this was brought about: wch
Come Isabella, now let's take him vp, They take him up.
And beare him in, from out this cursed place: wch
Ile say his Dirge, singing fits not this case: wch
O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

Hiero sets his brast unto his Sword.

Miscerit & nostro detur medicina dolori: wch
Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos, wch
Prebeat, ipse metum magnum quicunque per orbem: wch
Gramina Sol pulchras efficit in luminis oras, wch
Ipse libam quicquid meditatur saga veneni, wch
Quicquid & irramuecere menia nedit. wch
Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum scel omnis, wch
Noster in extincto moriar peccore sensus: wch
Ergo tuos oculos nungiam (mox vita) video. wch

*Eritua perpetuus sepeluit lumen somnus.
Emor ira tecum sic, Sic iniuria sub umbras,
At rāmen ab sītam procrato cedere letho,
Nemortem vindictat uam tam nulla sequatur.*

Heere he throwes it from him, and beares the body away,
Andrea.

Brought' st thou me hither, to increase my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* shoulde haue been slaine :
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine,
And they abuse faire *Belimperia* ;
On whom I doted more then all the world,
Because she loued me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkest of Haruest, when the Corne is greene,
The end is growne of every worke well done :
The Sickle comes not till the Corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TER CIVS.

Enter *Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villappo.*

Vice. Infortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helpeles doubts:
First, we are plac'd vpon extreameſt heights,
And oft ſupplantēd with exceeding hate:
But euer ſubiect to the wheele of Chaunce;
And at our highest, neuer ioy we ſo,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So ſtriueth not the Waues with ſundry Windes,
As Fortune toyleth in the affayres of Kings,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloved,
Sith feare, or loue, to Kings, is flatterie :
For instance (Lordings) looke vpon our King,
By hate, deprived of his deareſt Sonne;
The onely hope of our ſuccesſive liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had been inuenomed with ſuch extreame hate:

But

But now I see, that Words haue severall workes,
And there's no credite in the countenance.

Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted Balthazar,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourly coastes the Centre of the Earth,
Then Alexandros purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy Words, thou slayest our wounded thoughts:
Nor shall I longer dally with the World,
Procrastinating Alexandros death:
Goe some of you and fetch the Traytour foorth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter *Alexandro*, with a *Noble man*, and *Halberts*.

Nobl. In such extreamies, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extremes, what patience shall I vsue?
Nor discontentis it mee to leaue the World,
With whom there nothing can preuayle but wrong.

Nobl. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld mee hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger yee? bring foorth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles can not stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.
But this, O this, tormentes my labouring soule,
That thus I die, suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as Heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those Flames,

They bind him to the Stake.
That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires
Of Pblegeton, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be auengde on thee,

On thee Villuppo, that hast malic'd thus,
Or of thy meede, hast falsely mee accusd.

Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace mee,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy Words shall perish with thy workes:
Iniurious Traytor, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassadour.

Emb. Stay, hold a while; & (here with pardon of his Maiestie)
Lay hands vpon Villuppo. (trance)

Vice. Embassadour, what newes hath vrg'd this sodaine ex-

Emb. Know Soueraigne: I, that Balthazar doth liue.

Vice. What sayst thou ? liueth Balthazar our Sonne?

Emb. Your highnesse Sonne L. Balthazar doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kinges commende;

Giver him Letters

Are happy witnesses of his Highnesse health.

The King looks on the Letters, and proceeds with him.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribune is remov'd: by
Thy Peace is made, and we are satisfied:
Thereft resolute upon, as things proposde,
For both our honours, and thy benefit.

Emb. These are his Highnesse further Articleys.

He gives him more Letters

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these illes
Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: Come my Lord, vnbond him;
Let him vnbond thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quittall for thy discontent.

They unbond him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could doe no leſſe,
Upon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocencie hath sau'd
The hopelessse life which thou Villuppo sought
by thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vice. Say false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus.

Falsely betray Lord *Alexandrinus* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest Sonne,
Could once haue mooved vs to haue misconciued.

Alex. Say (treacherous *Villuppo*) tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preferd:
Thus haue I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which, villaine, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heare
Deuisde for him, who thou sayd'st slew our Sonne:
But with the bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet inuocated for thine end: *Alex seems to intreat.*
Intreat me not, goe take the traytor hence: *Exit. Vil.*
And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee
With publique notice of thy loyaltie, *to extirpate vs*
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great Lord the mighty King of Spaine,
Wee with our Counsell will deliberate.
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie. *Enter Hieronimo.*

Hier. Oh cyes! no eyes, but Fountaines fraught with teares.
Oh life! no life, but liuely forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wronges,
Confusde and fild with murder and misdeedes:
Oh sacred Heauen! if this vnhalloved deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
If this incomperable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my Sonne,
Shall vnreuealed and vnreuenged passe,
How shold we tearme your dealings to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice trust?
The night, sad secretarie to my mones,
With direfull visions, wake my vexed soule,
And with the Wounds of my distresfull Sonne.

Solicite

Solicite mee, for notice of his death.
The ouglie Feendes doe fallie foorth of Hell,
And frame my steppes to vnfrequented pathes,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,
The cloudy Day, my disconsents recordes,
Early begins to register my Dreames,
And drive mee foorth to seeke the murderer.

Eyes, Life, World, Heauens, Hell, Night, and Day,
See, search, shew, send some man,

Some meane that may : *A Letter falleth.*

What's heere, a Letter? tush, it is not so :

A Letter written to Hieronimo. *Red incke.*

Formant of Incke, receive this bloody Writ,
Mee hath my haples Brother bid from thee:
Renenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him:
For those were they, that murdered thy Sonne: much is bad
Hieronimo, renenge Horatioes death,
And betterfarre, then Belimperia deth.

What meanes this vnxpected Miracle?
My Sonne slaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince:
What cause had they Horatio to maligne?
Or what might moue thee Belimperia,
To accuse thy Brother? Had hee beene the meane?
Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde:
And to intrap thy life, this trainess laydes:
Aduis thee therefore, be not credulous,
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloved Sonne,
And of his death, behoues me bereueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne, Hieronimo,
But liue t'effect thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstaunces try,
What I can gather, to confirme this Writ,
And harken neere the Duke of Castiles house,
Close, if I can, with Belimperia.

To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now Pedringano.

Ped. Now Hieronimo.

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, here's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, Who's this, Hieronimo?

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady Belimperia.

Lor. What to de, Hieronimo? The Duke my Fath^e hath
Vpon some disgrace, a while remooued her hence:

But if it be ought I may informe her off,

Tell mee Hieronimo, and he let her know it.

Hier. Nay, Nay (my Lord) I thank^e you, it shall not need,
I had a shute vnto her but too late,
And her disgrace makes mee vnfornat^e.

Lor. Why so Hieronimo? vse me

Hier. Who you, my Lord?
I reserue your fauour for a greater honour.

This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Y' sayth my Lord, tis an idle thing, I must confess,
I ha been too slacke, too tardie, too remiss, vnto your Honor.

Lor. How now Hieronimo!

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a Sonne, or so:
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell

Hier. My griefe no hart, my thought no young can tell. Exit.

Lor. Come hither Pedringano; seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned Villaine Serberus,
That hath (I feare) reueld Horatius death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my companie.

Lor. Admit he have not his condition's such,
As feare, or flattering words, may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repeat
That ere I vsde him in this enterprize.
But Pedringans, to prevent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

Gives him more Gold.

And harken to mee; Thus it is : disguisde,
This night thou must (and prethee so resolute)
Meete Serberine at S. Lenges Parke:
Thou know'st tis here hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sweeny
For die he must, if we doemeane to live.

Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my Lord?

Lor. Let mee alone, Ile send to him to meete
The Prince and mee; where thou must doe this deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meete him there.

Lor. When things shall alter, (as I hope they will)
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou knowst my minde.

Che le lew. *Exit Pedringans.*

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe firra, to Serberine, and bid him foorthwith
Meete the Prince and mee at S. Lenges Parke,
Behind the house, this evening, Boy.

Page. I goe, my Lord.

Lor. But firra, let thehoure be eight a clocke
Bid him not fayle.

Page. I flie, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirme the complaine thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Upon precise commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringans lyes
This night shall murder haples Serberine.
This must we worke, that will auoyde distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap
And thus one ill, an other must expulse.
This fly inquynce of Hieronimo for Belimperie, breeds suspition.

And

And this suspition, boades a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they ; but I haue dealt for them :
They that for Coyne their soules endangered,
To saue my life, for Coyne shall venture theirs:
And better is that base companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps ;
Nor shall they liue, for me to feare their fayth :
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend :
For die they shall, shauks are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now Pedringano, bid thy Pistoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more sauour mee, god save the kyng
Giue but successse to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine ayme :
Here is the Gold, this is the Gold proposde,
It is no Dreame that I aduenture for,
But Pedringano is possesse thereof,
And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberall Purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a favour may he sayle ;
And wishing, want when such as I preuaile :
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if need should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene mee and ensuing harmes :
Besides, this place is free from all suspect,
Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stands.

Enter the Watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is, god save the kyng
That we are thus expressly chargde to watch ?
2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.
3 But we were never wont to watch nor ward,
Soneere the Duke his house before, god save the kyng
2 Content your selfe, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,
For heere did Don Lorenzo Page appoyn特,
That thou by his commaund shouldst meete with him :

How

How fit a place, if one were so disposed,
Mee thinkes this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I must ceaze upon.
Now Pedringano, or neuer, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship stayes so long,
Or wherefore should he send for mee so late?

Ped. For this Serberine, & thou shalt ha' t: Shoot the Day.
So, there hee lies; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1 Marke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.

2 And heer's one slaine, slay the Murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,

Hce strives with the Watch.

Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.

3 Sirra confesse, (and therein play the Priest,)
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped. Why ? because he walk'd abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had been better kept your Bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

2 Come, to the Marshals with the Murderer.

1 On, to Hieronimo: helpe mee heere,
To bring the murdered Body with vs too.

Ped. Hieronimo: Carry mee before whom you will,
What ere he bee, Ile answere him and you.

And doe your worst, for I defie you all. Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soon?

Lor. Feare of preventing our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust.

Lor. Our greatest illes, we least mistrust (my Lord)
And in expected harmes, dochurt vs most.

Bal. Why, tell me Don Lorenzo, tell me man,
If ought concernes our Honour, and your owne?

Lor. Not you nor mee (my Lord) but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederats in our fault
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayde to old Hieronimo.

Bal.

Bal. Betrayde, Lormus? tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guiltie Conscience, vrgod with the thought
Of former culps, easily cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and disfwaide me not,
That all's reuealde to Hieronimo,
And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. Enter Page.
But here's the Page: How now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, Serberine is slaine.

Bal. Who, Serberine my man?

Page. Your Highnes man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake Page, Who murdered him?

Page. Hee that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. I, Serberine slaine, that loued his Lord so well; &
Iniurious Villaine, murderer of his Friend.

Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paines,
To exasperate and hasten his revenge,
With your complaints vnto my Lord the King:
This their dissencion, breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his Highnes hardly shall denie.
Meane while, Ile haste the Marshall Sessions:
For die he shal for this his damned deed. Exit Bal.

Lor. Why so; this fits our former policie,
And thus experient biddes the wisc to deale:
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the poynt:
I set the Trap, he breakes the worthies twigs,
And sees not that wherwith the Bird was hinde.
Thus hopefull men that meant to hold their owne,
Must looke like Fowlers, to their dearest friends;
Hee runnes to kill, whom I haue holpe to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch;
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one (in mine opinion)
When men themselves their secrets will reueale.

Enter

Enter a Messenger with a Letter, going to his Lordship

Lor. Boy. *What's hee?*
Mes. My Lord.
Lor. What's hee?
Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence? *What's hee?*
Mes. From Padringano, that's imprisoned. *What's hee?*
What's hee? So, he is imprisoned there? *What's hee?* And you say he is
bruis'd, my good Lord. *What's hee?* Much of his blood is on bloudish
Lor. What would hee with vs? *What's hee?* Telling two or
Three vs here: To stand good Lord, and helpe him in distresse. *What's hee?*
Tell him, I haue his Letters, know his mindes; *What's hee?* And yet
And what we may, let him assure him off. *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
Fellows begone, my Boy shall follow thee. *Exit Mes.*
This workes like Was. Yet once more try thy wittes:
Boy, goe, conioy this Purse to Padringano, *What's hee?* for I haue
Thou knowest the Prison, closely give it him, *What's hee?* And wot
And he advised that none be there about; *What's hee?* And wot
Bid him secretly still, but secret. *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
And through the Marshalls Sessions, to day, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
Tell him, his Pardon is alreadie signe; *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
And thereon bid him boldly be resolute: *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
For were he readie to be turned off, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
(As tis my will the watermost be tryde:) *What's hee?*

Thou wish his Pardon, shalt attend him still; *What's hee?*
Shew him this Box, tell him his Pardon is; *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
But open't not, and if thou louest thy life, *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
But let him wisely keepe his hapes unknowne. *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo liues; *What's hee?* *What's hee?*

Page. I goe (my Lord) I runne, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*

Lor. But sirs, see that this be cleanly done. *Exit Page.*

Now standes our fortune on a sickle poynct, *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
And now, or neuer, ends Lorenzo's dobles; *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
One onely thing is unaffected yet, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
And that's to see the Executioner, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
But to what end? I list not trust the Ayre, *What's hee?* *What's hee?*
With vtterance of our presence therin, *What's hee?* *What's hee?* *What's hee?*

For feare the priuie whisering of the Winde,
Conuey our Words amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio Il nessun le fa,
Intendo io quel mi bafara.

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Maister hath forbidden mee to looke in this Box; and by my honesty tis likely, if he had not wisedome, I should not haue had so much idle time: for we Men, kind in our minositie, are like Women in their vncertaintie; That, they are most forbidden, they will loonest attempt; So I know By my bare credite, here's nothing but the bare entrie Box: were it not sinne against Secrecie, I would say, it were a pece of Gentleman-like lenauerie: I must goe to Pedringano and tell him, his Pardon is in this Box; nay I would haue scornt it, had I not scene the contrary: I can not choose but smile, to thinke, how the villaine will flout the Gallowes, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odd iest, for mee to stand and grace every iest he makes, pointing my finger at this Box, as who should say, Mocke on, heer's thy Warrant! Is not a scuruie iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas poore Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee, but if I should be hanged with thee, I could not weepe.

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputy: Hier vniuersitatis

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens streanthes, vnd I That know not how to remedie our owne; And doe them iustice, when vnjustly we're banisched: For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse: But shall I never haue to see the day, That I may come by Justice (of the Heavens) To know the cause, that may my cares alay? This toyles my Body, this consumeth Age, That onely I, to all men just must bee, And neither Gods nor Men, be just to mee.

Depy. Worthy Hieronimo, your Office askes of you a care to punish such as doe transgrosse.

Hier. So ist my dutie to regard his death,

Who

Who when he liued, deserued my dearest blood:
But come, for that we came for: let's begin.
For heere lies that, which bids mee to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano with a Letter

Depn. Bring foorth the Prisoner, for the Court is set.

Pedr. Gramarcie Boy: But it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord a new
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten mee; but now
But sith he hath remembred mee so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

Herr. Stand foorth thou Monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the World,
Confesse thy folly, and repente thy faulcs
For there's thy place of execusion.

Ped. This is short worke: Well to your Marshallship,
First, I confess, (nor feare I death therfore)
I am the man, it was I slew Scerberus,
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this, geat?

Depn. I, Pedringano, will make full speed
Ped. No, I thinke not so.
Herr. Peace impudent, for thou shalt find it so,
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as Judge,)
Be satisfied, and the Law discharged,
And though my selfe can not receive the like,
Yet will I see that other haue their right.
Dispatch; the fault approued, and confess;
And by our Law he is condemn'd to die.

Enter Hangman.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?
Ped. To doo you, my faine officious knave?

Hang. To goe to this gear.
Ped. O sir, you are too forward; thou wouldest faine furnish
me with a halter, to furnish me of my Habite:
So I shold goe out of this gear my Raiment, into that gear
on the Rope: But hangman, now I spye your boaracie, Ile not change

with.

without boode, that's flat.

Hang. Come sir.

Pedr. So then I must vp?

Hang. No remedie.

Pedr. Yes, but there shall before comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Pedr. How, to be turned off?

Hang. I truly: Come, are you readier to come? had I no
I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes aways.

Pedr. What doe you hang by the Hour? if you do, I may
chaunce to breake your old custome.

Hang. Fayth you haue no reason, for I am like to breake
your young mette.

Pedr. Doest thou mocke mee, Hang-man? pray God I am
not preserued to breake your knaves sake for this.

Hang. Alas sir, you are a foote too low to reach me and I
hope you will neuer grow so high, whiles I am in the Office.

Pedr. Sirra, doest see yonder Boy with the Box in his hand?

Hang. What hee that pounts to it with his fingeres?

Pedr. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not; but what of him?

Pedr. Doest thou think to liue till his old Doulter will
make thee a new Trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yare after, to trusse vp many an
honest man then either thou, or hee.

Pedr. What hath hee in his Box, art thou thinkes hee?

Hang. Fayth, I can not tell, nor I care not greadly; yet by A
Mee thinkes you shold rather harken to your soules health.

Pedr. Why sirra Hang-man, I take it, that that is good for
the Body, is likewise good for the Soule: and it may be in that
Box is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou'art cuen the inclyst preebst of Mans. flesh
that ere groand at my Office doore.

Pedr. Is your rogarie become an office with a knaves name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they wiste se, that set yon afeale it
with a Thieves name.

Pedr. I prethee, request this good company resprelly for me.

Hang. I marry sir, this is a god motion, myngled by you

see heere's a good fellow.

Pedr. Nay, nay, now I remember me; let them alone till
some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hiero. I haue alwaies askeid, for it pudent
O monstrous times, whare Murder's set so lightly on the earth
And where the Soule, that shold be shedd in Heaven, shold
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in th' thornie passages,
That intercepts it selfe of happiness.
Murder, O bloody monster, God for bidde it were
Afraid to faint, shold escape thy punishment.
Hiero. O Poynt of Dispatch; and see the execution done,
This makes me to remember the day I saw you Hiero.

Pedr. Nay soft, no hasten in this, say I.
Daphne, why, wherefore stay you and haue you hope of life?

Pedr. Why I.

Hiero. Hang Hiarow?

Patr. Why Rascalls by my Pardon from the King.

Hiero. Stand you on that, then you shall off with this tow I

Daphne. So Executioner, conney him hanceforth
But let his Body be vnburied; let the world know what
Let not the Earth be choaked, or infecte the Country
With that, which Heaven contemnes, & Men neglect Exempt.

Hiero. Where shall I haue to breake, to broode my woes,
My woes, whose weight haue wearied the Earth;

Or mine Exclames, that haue sturrid the Ayres; and
With ceaselesse Plains, for my rettessed Scorne;

The blustering Windes, conspiring with my Woordes, and the
At my lament, haue haunced the haufesse Tree, in most wido.

Disroabed the Madowes of their florid & greenes, and
Made Mountaines Marish, with springtide of my Threes.

And broken through the brests of Gaurdian Hellions, shold
Yet still tormente in my contred Sould, from whom I vidently

With broken Sighes, addresse the Regions, sides of earth Hiero.
That winged, mountaine, and mountainous gift this Party, I see woul-

But at the Windowes of the brightest Heauenlyg & i^e 1615
Soltaining for Justice and Retenge: I won, van, y^e N .
But they are Plaist in those impetiall heighdes unto you
Where, counte thus w^t i^e with walles of Diamonds & I .
I find the platt gypghabber and therew^r am i auouis O
Refist my w^rds, and giue me my words new way. And h^e A

Enter Hangman with a Letter in his hand

Hang. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir this m^rg. f^r 1615
Sir, hee that was so full of mercy police it selfe i^e 1615

Hier. Well, what of him? vhoold O r^e 1615

Hang. O Lord sir he wente the wrong way, the fellow had
a faire Commission to the contrarie. Sir, heere is his Pa-
port, I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong. And T

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it meddled on it o^r y^e N .
Hau. You will stand by your selfe the Gallows and me^r 1615

Hier. I, I.

Hau. I thanke your L. Worship.

Hier. And yet, though somewhat remiss in conieerness

I will to ease the g^rife that sustaine, no moy bas^r 1615

Fake truce with Sorrow, while I read on this.

My Lord, I w^rld. in my extreame nearendez. So E. 1615
That you would labour my deliuerie by me

If you neglect, my life w^rld. forlorn, so d^r 1615

And in my death, I shal reveale the trut^r I did, and in my

You know (my Lord) I slew him for your sake,

And was confederat with the Prudent mil^r 1615

W^rld. by reason of his hapless promis^r, if I had N .
Hau. I holpe to m^rke D^r Hier and his w^rld. to do

Holpe hee to m^rde his mind Hier, and to make Hier to

And actors in th^r actors Tragedie, and Hier to be

Wast thou Hier, Hier, Hier, and Hier w^rld. to Hier

Of whom my Sonne Hieronim^r destryed saue Hieral y^e 1615

What haue Hierard^r Hier haied in his eyes behynd^r his b^r 1615

O sacred Heaven^r, may it come to passe,

That such a m^rlitious and detest^r deddy w^rld. h^e A

So closely smotherd, and so long conceald^r Hier to Hier

Shall thus be this revenged on Hieraldis, w^rld. to Hier

Now see I w^rld. I durst not then despyt^r nom^r beginn^r 1615

That

The Spanish Pageant

That Belmparis Letter was not fained now sonnes weare won
Nor fained she, though falsly they haue wrong'd her in that
Both her, my selfe, Horatio, and the rest, I thinke
To Hesane, I speake I speake
Now may I make compare twixt her and this
Of euery accident, I am confus'd, I am confus'd
Distructing spoile is newell
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did, what heauen ynpunish't should not leave
O false Lorenzo, are these thy flatteryng looks
Is this the honour shap thou didst say Sonne
And Balthazar, bane to thy soule and mine
Was this the ransome he reseru'd for cheere
Woe to the cause of these constrained Warres.

Woe to thy baseness and captiuitie, O sinnes in me
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul
Thy cursed Father, and thy conquered selfe,
And band with bitter execrations here
The day and place where he did pittie these
But wherefore waste I mine ynfruicfull words
When nought but blood will satisfie my woes
I will goe plaine mee to my Lord the King, of whose eyry
And cry aloude for Justice through this Court,
Wearing the Flints with this my withered Feste
And either purchase Justice by intreaties,
Or tire them all with my reuenging shreves.

Enter Isabella, and her Maids

Isa. So that you say, this Herbe will purge the Heart
And this the Head: Ah, but none of them wil purge the Heart:
No there's no Medicin left for my Disease
Nor any Phisick to resure the Dead.
Horatio, O where's Horatio?

Maid. Good Madame affright not thus your selfe
With outrage for your Sonne Horatio
Hee sleepes in quiet in the Elizian Fieldes.

Isa. Why, did I not give you Gouynes, and goodly things?
Bought you a Whistle, and a Whistalcke too
To be revenged on their villanies big hys.

Maid. Madame, these humours do to me my sorow

Isa. My soule, poore soule, these tales of shreves

Thou

The Spanish Tragedie

Thou knowest not whose my Lord hee is, which I say
That mountes high upon the highest Heauen,
To Heauen, I there saw him prouesse, when he
Back'd with a troupe of fiends, cheareing him,
Dauncing about his newly heald Woundes,
Singing sweete Hymnes, and chanted heavenly notes,
Rare Harmonies to glorie his innocentnesse,
That liude : I did a malice in solar dayes,
But say, where shall I finde them, the Murtherers
That slew Horatio? Veray he shal I finde, and
To finde them out, thare murdered my Sonne.

Balthasar. A windowe to seele of the world.

Bel. What means this Outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequellred from the Countrey, shud you to see
No notice; shall I neuer more hear of this? And
Of this my secret and suspitiones? And
Accursed Brother, vniuersall my redeyer,
Why bend's thou earthly minde to martire mee?
Whereto? why write Rosaline wrothfull plaine
Or why art thou so steked in thy reuenger
Andrea, O Andrea! what this grieves me? I
Mee, for thy friend Hamblet thus, was taide
And him for me, thus causeth me murthered.
Well, force perforce, I muste remayne my selfe
To patience, and apply me to the time, I
Till hee that I haue hys pessall seyme treayre to see.

Chris. Come, Madam, by Balthasar, this is my Murtherer,
Enter Laertes. Balthezar, and the Pages.

Lor. Bay, talk no further, thus faire entinger god will haue
Thou arraigned? Katharine went him to see.

Page. O els, my Lord, that I see.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his refutation of his end, when I see
Leave that to him with whom he solours now, & so you
Heere take my Ring, and giue it to the apell, ouer hys heades
And bid him let my Sister beware her selfe, & her selfe
And bring her brother to me.

This that I did, was for a policie,
To smooth and keepe the Murder secret ;
Which as a nine dayes woondre, being ore-blowne,
My gentle Sister will I now enlarge.

Bal. Andtime (Lorenzo,) for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lore. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away.
But that's all one; (my Lord) you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salve all suspitions, onely sooth mee vp
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs; then wonke
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealement so,
Left with her gently; vnder fained iest, I rot; iudicid you
Are things conceald, that els would breed vngrest.
But heere she comes.

Enter Belimperia. Stand girt him selfe.

Lor. Now Sister?

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no Brother, but an Enemite; and I
Else wouldst thou not haue vsed thy Sister so? I doo you
First, to affright mee with thy Weapons drawn, go to you
And with extremes abuse my company; to know to action
And then to hurry mee like Whistle-windes rage; I am
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, yoldonham too Y
And clapt mee vp where none might come at mee, if more to
Nor lat any, to reveale my wronges, I doo you
What madding furie did possesse thy wisedme? A
Or wherein ist that I offended thee done,

Lor. Advise you better Belimperia, I bad you well. A

For I haue done you no disparagement: I doo you
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued, I doo you
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why Lorenzo, wherein ist
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it;

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father, were resolu'd to doo I
To come conferte with old Hieronimo, I doo you

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the Vice-ray was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Haue patience Belimperia, heare the rest.

Lor. Mee (next in sight) as Messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh :
Now when I came, consorted with the Prince,
And (vnexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found Belimperia with Horatio.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then, rememb'reng that old disgrace,
Which you for Don *Andrea* had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanely accompanied :
Thought rather (for I know no readier meane),
To thrust *Horatio* foorth my Fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Least that his Highnesse should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so (my Lord) and you are wittig'le,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my sake,
And you (my Lord) were made his instrument :
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too,
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholy (Sister) since the newes
of your first fauourite *Don *Andrea** death,
My Fathers o'l wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better waft for you (being in disgrace),
To absent your selfe, and give his furie place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ure?

Lor. That were to ad more Fewel to the Fire,
Who burnt like *Etna*, for *Andrea* losse.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquired for mee?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

He whisperth in her eare.

But Belimperia, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd
noC

And

And in whose melancholy, thou mayest see
Thy hate, his love: thy flight, his following thee.

Bal. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience;
Too polliticke for mee, past all compare
Since last I saw you, but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy Beautie then, that conquers Kings:
Of those thy Tresses, Ariadnes twins :
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprised:
Of that thine iuorie Front, my sorrows Map,
Wherein I see no Hauen to rest my Hope.

Bel. To loue, & feare; and both at once, my Lord,
In my conceite, are things of more import,
Then Womens wittes are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. Belimperia.

Bel. But I, that feare.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. Belimperia.

Lor. Fear your selfe.

Bel. I Brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loth, & feare to lost.

Bal. Then faire, let Balthazar your keeper be.

Bel. Balthazar doth feare as well as wee:

Eft tremulo me tripiquidem in ceterum,

Et unum frondez proditionis opus.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Weele goe continue this Discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the Load-starre of her heauenty lookes,
Wendes poore oppressed Balthazar,
As ore the Mountaines walces the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meetes them.

1 By your leaue sir.

Hier. Tis neitheras you thinke, nor as you thinke,

Nor

Not as you thinke : you're wide all : These Slippers are not mine, they were my Sonne Honoria :
My Sonne, and what's a Sonne ? A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about :
A lumpe bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue To ballace those light creatures we call Women ; And at nine months end, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne ? To make a Father dote, rauie, or runne madde. Beeing Borne, it poures, cryes, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne ? He must be fedde, be taught to goe, and speake : I, or yet ; Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well ?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kidde, as for a Sonne ? Me thinkes a young Bacon, Or a fine little smooth Horse-colte,
Should moue a man, as much as doth a Sonne : For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse; where as a Sonne, The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more vnsquare, vnbeuelled he appeares ; Reckons his l'arents among the rancke of Fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heades with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meeete with age ; This is a Sonne : and what a losse were this, considered truly ?
Obut my Honorio, grew out of reach of thise Infatiate humours ; hee loued his louing Parents ; Hee was my comfort, and his Mothers joy,
The very Arme that did hold vp our House ; Our hopes were stored vp in him.
None but a damned Murderer could hate him : Hee had not seene the backe of ninteeene yeare,
When his strong arme vnhorste the proud Prince Baltazar :
And his great minde too full of Honour,
Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble Portispale.
Well, Heauen is Heauen still,
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called Whippes ;

And

And they sometimes doe meeete with Murderers,
They doe not always scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on : and steales, and steales
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leauue have you : I pray you goe,
For Ile leauue, if you can leauue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my L. the Dukes?

Hie. The next way from me,

3 To his house we meane.

Hie. O, hard by, tis your house that ye see.

3 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

Hie. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 I, sir.

He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbear, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,
But if you be importune to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to mee. And Ile resolute your doubt:
There is a path vpon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,
Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,
A darkesome place and dangerous to passe;
There shall you meeete with melancholie thoughts,
Whose bailefull humors if you but vphold,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie clifffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth cast vp filthie and detested fumes.
Not farre from thence, where inurthers haue built,
A habitation for their cursed soule:
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Jone*,
In his fell wrath, vpon a Sulphire flame,
Your selues shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him
In boyling Lead, and Blood of innocentes.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

The Spanish Tragall.

Hier. Ha,ha,ha: why ha,ha,ha? Farewel good ha,ha,ha.
a Doubtless this man is passing lunaticke,
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote:
Dome, let's away to seeke my Lord the Duke.

Enter Hieronimo with a Poyniard in one hand,
and a Rope in the other.

Hier. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees mee, and faine would heare my shure:
Why is not this a strange, and seeld scene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute?
Goe too, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple Gore,
Standeth a firie Towre; there sits a ludge
Vpon a seat of Steele and molten Brasse:
And twixt his Teeth he holds a Fire-brand,
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand:
Away *Hieronimo* to him, be gone:
Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death,
Turne downe this Path, thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou needs not take thy breath,
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so,
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murder then?
No, no, fie no: pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and Halter.
This way Ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them up againe.

And here Ile haue a fling at him that's flat,
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,
And thee *Lorenzo*; heere's the King, may itay:
And heere, I heere: there goes the Hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Vice-roy sayth,
Hath he receiuied the Articles we sent?

Hier. Justice, O Justice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, seest thou not the King is basse?

Hier. O is he so?

King.

King. Who is he that interruptts our busynesse?
Hier. Not I : Hieronimo beware, goe by, goe by.
Emboſ. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read,
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promis'd League :
And as a man extremely ouer-joy'd,
To heare his Sonne so princely entertain'd,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewayl'd.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And Kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know :
First, for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne
With Belimperia, thy beloued Neece ;
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended Heauenes :
In person therefore will he come him selfe,
To see the Mariage rites solemnized :
And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,
To knit a sure inexplicable band
Of Kingly loue, and cuerlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale :
There will he give his Crowne to Balthazar,
And make a Queene of Belimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his Friend,
And wondrous zeale to Balthazar his Sonne :
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,
I hat bendes his liking to my Daughter thus,
Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes ſent,
(Although he ſend not that his Sonne returne),
His Ransome due to Don Horatio.

Hiero. Horatio; Who callis Horatio?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maieſtie :

Heere, ſee it giuen to Horatio.

Hiero. Justice, O Justice, Justice gentle King.

King. Who is that, Hieronimo?

Hiero. Justice, O Justice : O my Sonne, my Sonne,

My Sonne, whom nought can ransome or redēme.

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well aduiseſ.

Hier.

Hiero. Away Lorenzo, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse :
Giue mee my Sonne, you shall not ransome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth.

Hee diggeth with his Dagger.

And ferrie ouer to the Etiwan plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wounedes
Stand from about me, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshalship :
For Ile goe Marshall vpon my Feendes in Hell,
To be auenged on you all, for this.

King. What meanes this outrage,
Will none of you restraine his furie

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to strive,
Needes must he goe, that the Diuels drue.

King. What accident hath happt to Hieronimo ?
I haue not scene him to demeane him so,

Lor. My gracious Lord he is with extreme pride,
Conceined of young Horatio his Sonne :
And couetous of haunting to himselfe,
The Ransome of the young Prince Balkazar
Distract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Belleeue met Nephew we are sorie for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes :
But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,
The Princes Ransome ; let him haue his due,
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,
Happily Hieronimo hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus haplesslie distract,
Tis requisite his office be resignde,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first :
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And brother, now bring in the Embassadous,
That he may be a witnesse of the match :
Twixt Balkazar and Belimperie,
And that we may prefixe a certayne time,

Wher-

Wherein the Marriage shall be solemnized; and in that
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere on board to assent
Emb. Therein your Highnesse highly shall content our Lord
His Maiestie, that longes to heare from hence.

King. On them, & heare you Lord Embassadour Exempte A

Enter Iaguer and Pedro Acte A
Iag. I wonder Pedro, why our Maister thus,
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
Whene Man and Bird and Beast are all astreight,
Sauce those that watch for Rape and bloody Murder?

Ped. O Iaguer, know thou that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught since his Honoria died:
And now his aged yeares should sleepe in rest, or I
His heart in quiet; like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish, for his Sonne doth
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit, and as he doth at
Hespeakes as if Horatio stood by him; & so full of bloud
Then starting in a rage, falleth on the earth, and swooneth
Cryes out Horatio, Where is my Horatio? I wot not where I stand
So that with exasteining grief and chusing sorrow,
There is no left in his amēinch of Man to comfort me
Sce, heere he comes: Acte A

Enter Hieronimo Acte A

Hier. I pry through every crevice of each Wall,
Looke at each Tree, and search through every Brake;
Beate on the Bushes, stamp the grounde Earth,
Diue in the Water, and stane up to Heauen; Acte A
Yet cannot I behold my Sonne Horatio: Acte A
How now, Who's there, Sprights, Sprights? Acte A

Ped. We are your Servants that attend you Sir. Acte A

Hier. What make you with your Torches in the darknesse?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here. Acte A

Hier. No, no; you are deceiu'd; not I, you are deceiu'd;

Was I so madde to bid you light your Torches now, Acte A
Light me your Torches at the mid of noone; Acte A
When as the Sun-god ridges in all his glory, Acte A
Light me your Torches then. Acte A

Ped. Then we burne daylight. Acte A

H.

Hier.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night is a wurdewous flut,
That would not haue her treasons to be seene; And yonder pale-fac'd Hee cat there the Moone,
Doth gine consent to that is done in darkness: And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are Aglets on her Sleeue, Pynnes on her Traine:
And those that should be powerfull and divine,
Doe sleepe in darkness, when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not (faire sir) with tempting words,
The Heauen's are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou lyest; and thou doest noughf
But tell mee, I am madde: thou lyest, I am not madde.
I know thee to be Pedro, and hee Inquer.
Ile prooue it to thee; and were I madde, how could I?
Where was shee the same night, when my Heris, was murdered?
She should haue shone: Search thou the Booke:
Had the Moone shone in my Boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know had the murderer seene him,
His weapon would haue fallid and cut the Earth:
Had he beene framde of naught but blood and death:
Alacke, when Mischiefe doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to Mischief?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, come in a doores,
O seeke not meanes so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed Isabella, we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, aske Pedro, and aske Inquer:
Not I indeed, wee are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How be merry heere, be merry heere,
Is not this the place, and this the very Tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, doe not say what: let her wepe it ouer.
This was the Tree, I set it of a Kynell,
And when our hot Spaine could not let it grow,
But that the Infant and the humaine fappe,
Began to wither, duely twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with somgaine Water;

Atlast it grew and grew, and bore and bore, stood not so
Till at the length it grew a Gallowes, & did beare our Sonne;
It bore thy fruite and mine : O wicked, wicked Plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

See who knockes there.

Perdo. It is a Painter sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lies, but painted comfort:
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chaunce:
Gods will, that I should set this Tree.
But even so maisters, vngratefull servants, reard from nought,
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God blesse you sir: us be good friends.

Hier. Wherefore? Why, thou scornefull Villaine? Do
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blisst?

Ifa. What wouldst thou haue good fellow?

Paint. Justice, Madame.

Hier. O ambitious Beggar, wouldst thou haue that,
That liues not in the world? Why, all the world is thine.
Why, all the vndelied Mynes cannot buy thy blood.
An ounce of Justice, tis a Jewell so inestimable: God almighty
I tell thee, God hath ingrossed all Justice in his hands;
And there is none, but what comes from him.

Paint. O then I see, that God must right me for my murdere.

Hier. How, was thy Sonne murdered? I know, ill mad T

Paint. I sir: no man did hold a Sonne so deare.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lie, yonge sonne.
As massie as the Earth, I had a Sonne, yonge sonne,
Whose least vnualed Haire did waigh
A thousand of thy Sonnes: and he was murdered.

Paint. Alas sir, I had no more budhee.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: But this same one of mine,

Was worth a legion: but all is one.

Pedro, Jaques: goe in a doores Isabells goe by her selfe, ill mad T

And this good fellow heere, and I, ill mad T, O awfull

Will range this hidious Orchard vp and downe.

Like to two Lyons reaued of their young.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Goe in a doores I say. ~~the~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~were~~ ~~the~~ ~~Exempt~~; ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~
~~man~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~so~~: *The Painter and his fift downe.* ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~ ~~time~~ ~~to~~ ~~say~~ ~~it~~
Come, lets talke wisely now. O: ~~when~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~young~~ ~~ye~~ ~~are~~ ~~old~~
Was thy Sonne murdered? ~~and~~ ~~where~~ ~~were~~ ~~you~~ ~~then~~

Pain. I sir.

Hier. So was mine.

How doest take it? Art thou not some time madde?

Is there no trickes that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? Canst paint me a Tear, or a Wound?

A Groane, or a Sigh? Canst paint me such a Tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting:

My name's Bazoado.

Hie. Bazoado: aforesay God an excellent fellow. Looke you sir
Doe you see, I de shance you paint me my Gallerie
In your Osbeduhoure mated: and draw me due
Yeares younger then I am. Doe you see sir, let mee
Yeares agoe: Let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine,
My wife *Isabella* standing by me god swotidens O
With a speaking looke to my Sonne *Hernadez* son swotidens
Which should intend to this, or somesuchlike purposyd
God blesse thee my sweete sonne; and my hand leaning vpon

his head thus: doe you see a may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir. I see no such shace to shew A
book Hiero. Nay, I pray you mark me sir's selfe: O
Then sir, would I haue you paint unto this tree, this very tree,

Canst paint a blisshory & a blod bib neyn on: I

Pain. Seemingly, sir. I see no shame to shew

Hier. Nay, it shoulde shrye: but all is one. I see no shame: A
Well sir, paint me a yonge man thowbe and thowbe with vil-
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree? I see no shame: A
Canst thou draw a Murtherer son on her? I see no shame

Pain. Ile warrant you sir, I see no shame: I see no shame
I haue the patterne of the most notorious Villaines,
That ever lived in all Spaine.

Hiero. O, let them be worse, worse: streich abone Are, a
And let their beards be of *Asper* his owne colour: And
And let their eye-browes inty ouer: in any case obserue that.

Then sir, after some violent noyse,
Bring me foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my Torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus:
And with these wordes.

What noyse is this? who callas Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Paint. Yea sir.

Hie. Well sir, then bring me soorth, bring me through alle
and alle, still with a distracted countenaunce going along,
and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.

Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres
extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle
shriking, the Toades croking, the Minutes ierring, and the
Clocke striking twelue.

And then at last sir, starting, behold a man hanging: And tot-
tring, and totiring as you know the winde will weare a
man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my Torch, finde
it to be my sonne Horatio.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.
Draw mee like old Priam of Troy.
Crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire,
As the Torch ouer thy head. Make mee curse,
Make mee rauie, make mee cry, make mee mad.
Make mee well againe, make mee curse Hell,
Inuocate and in the ende, leage me gaule visted but vistoris
In a traunce, and so foorth,

Paint. And is this the end.

Hie. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnesse.

As I am never better then when I am mad, iup gaule vistoris
Then me thinkes I am a brave fellow, and fayre gaule vistoris
Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me, iup gaule vistoris
And there's the torment, there's the hell:
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the Murderers,
Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I
Tearc and dragge him vp and downe.

*He beates the painter in, then comes out againe,
with a Booke in his hand.*

Vindicta mihi.

I, Heaven will be reveng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they suffer Murder vntrepayde:
Then stay Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoyn't a time.

Perscelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For evils vnto ils conductors bee:
And death's the worst of resolution:
For hee that thinkes with Patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end,

Furax miseros iuvant babes salutem,
Furax vitam negant, babes sepulchrum.
If Destinie thy Chieres doe ease,
Then hast thou Health, and happy shalt thou be.
If Destinie deny thee life Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a Tombe:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death:
But how? not as the vulgar wittes of men,
With open, but incitable ils:
As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best:
Wise men will take their opportunitie,
Closely, and safely fitting things to time:
But in extremes, Vantage hath on time.
And therefore all times fit not for Reuenges:
Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet, in ynquietnesse:
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicitie may make them thikke,
That ignorantly, I will let it slip:
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor ought auailes it mee to menace them:
Who, as a Wintry storme, vpon a Plaine,
Will bear me downe with their Nobilitie.

No, no, Hieronimo; thou must enioyne
Thine Eyes to obseruation, and thy Tongue
To milder speaches then thy Spirits affoord:
Thy Heart to patience, and thy Hands to rest:
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy Kne to bew,
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

A noyse within.

How now, What noyse? What coyle is that you keepe?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you shoule plead their Cases to the King.

Hier. That I shoule plead their severall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

Enter three Citizens, and an old man.

1. So, I tell you this, for Learning and for Law,
There's not any Aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That hee will, in pursuite of equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune mee,
(Now must I beare a face of grauitie)
For this I vsde before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corriegador,
Come on sirs, What's the matter?

2. Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Batterie?

1. Mine of Debt.

Hier. Give place.

2. No sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3. Mine an Eiectio[n] Formaby Lease.

Hier. Content you sirs, Are you determined
That I shoule plead your severall Actions?

1. I sir, and heere's my Declaration.

2. And heere is my Band.

3. And heere is my Lease.

They give him Papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you silly man, so mute,
With mournetull eyes, and hands, to Heaven vpreard?
Come hither Father, let mee know thy Cause?

Servt.

Senex. O worthy Sir, my cause but slightly knowne; on, on
May moue the hearts of warlike Myrmidons, to arm them
And melt the corsiked Rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hier. Say Father, tell me, what's thy fate?

Senex. No sir, could my Woes,
Giue way vnto my most distrestfull Words,
Then shold I not in Paper, (as you see)
With Incke bewray, what Blood began in mee.

Hier. What's heere? *The humble Supplication,*

of Don Bazulio for his murdered Sonne.

Senex. I sir.

Hier. No sir, it was my murdered Sonne, Oh my Sonne,
Oh my Sonne, Oh my Sonne Horatio.
But mine, or thine Bazulio, be content: But mine, or thine Bazulio,
Heere take my Handkercher and wipethine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see.

He draweth out a bloody Napkin.

On no northis, Horatio this was thine,
And when I dide it in thy dearest Blood,
This was at o'cen twixt thy soule and mee,
That of thy death, reuenged I should bee.
But heere, take this, and this: what my Purse?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one, are our extremities.

i. Oh, see the kindnessse of Hieronimo,
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See see, Oh see thy shame Hieronimo,
See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:
Behold the sorrowes and the sad lamentes
That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceasse:
It loue effects so striues in lesser things,
If loue enforce such moodes in meaneer wittes:
If loue expresse such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Tost with the witide and tide, ore-turnest then
The vpper billowes course of waues to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe:

Thea

Then shamest thou not Hieronimo, to neglect
The swift reuenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth Justice will not be found,
He downe to Hell, and in this passion,
Knocke at the dismal gates of Plutos Court,
Getting by force (as once Alcides)
A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Hagges,
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet least the triple headed Porter should
Denie my passage to the slimie Strand,
The Thracian Poet thou shalt counterfeit,
Come old Father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of the sore hearts griefe,
Till we do gaine, that Proserpine may graunt
Reuenge on them that murdered my Sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shiuering their limmes in pecces with my teeth.

Tearre the Papers.

1 O sir my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas my Lease, it cost me ten pound,

And you (my Lord) haue borne the same.

Hier. That can not be, I gaue them neuer a Wound.

Shew me one drop of Blood fall from the same:

How is it possible I should slay it then?

Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

Bazilio remayes still Hieronimo Enters againe, who

staring him in the face, speakes.

Hier. And art thou come Horatio, from the depth,
To aske for Justice in this upper Earth,
To tell thy Father thou art avenged,
To wring more teares from Isabellas eyes:
Whose Lights are dim'd with ouer-long lamentes.

Goe backe my Sonne, complaineto *Eaons*, sent Hamant and I
For heere's no Justice; gentle Boy be gone: when he is sent
For Justice is exiled from the Earth.
Hieronimo will beare thee company.

Thy Mother cryes on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust Revenge against the Murderers.

Senex. Alas (my L.) whence springs this troubled speach?

Hier. But let mee looke on my *Horatio*:

Sweete Boy, art thou changde in Deaths blacke shade,
Had *Proserpine* no pitty on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson tulloured Spring,
With withered Winter, to be blัสsted thus?

Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father:
Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young Sonne.

Hier. What, not my Sonne, thou then a Farter art,
Sent from the empitie Kingdome of blacke Night, I live and I
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim *Minos* and iust *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatios* death.

Baz. I am a greeued man, and not a Ghost,
That came for Justice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne:
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,
Within thy Face my sorrowes I may see:
Thy Eyes are dim'd with teares, thy Cheekees are wan:
Thy Forehead troubled, and thy muttring Lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighes thy Spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:
And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.

Come in old man, thou shalt to *Isabel*,
Leane on my arme: I thee, thou mee, shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and shee, will sing a Sotige:
Three partes in one: but all of discords fram'd:
Talk not of Cords, but let vs now be gone,
For with a Cord *Hormio* was slaine.

Enter King of Shaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo.

Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of Castiles cause,
Salute the Vice-roy in our name.

Ces. I goe.

Vice. Goe foorth Don Pedro, for thy Nephewes sake,

And greeete the Duke of Castile.

Ped. It shall be sir.

King. And now to meeete the Portingales,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kinges and Commaunders of the Westerne Indies.
Wel-come (braue Vice-roy) to the Court of Spaine,
And wel-come all his Honourable traine.
Tis not vnowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so kingly crost the Seas :
Sufficed it in this, we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.
So is it that mine honorable Neece :
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is betroth'd to Balthazar :
And by appoyntment, and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be marriyd.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers their pleasure, and our peace,
Speake men of Portingale, shall it be so,
If I say so : if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, vresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me,
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire Belimperia with my Balthazar,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see :
Heere take my Gowne, I give it her and thee :
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceaselesse Prayers,
To thinke how strangely Heauen hath thee preserued.

The Spanish Tragedy

King. See Brother see how Nature striues in him,
Come worthy Vice-roy, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.

Cast. Or heere, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.
Exeunt all but Cas. and Len.

Cas. Nay stay Lorenzo, let mee talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?

Lor. I doe my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her (my Lord) whom Balthazar doth loue,
And to confirme their promised Mariage.

Cas. Shee is thy Sister?

Lor. Who, Belimperia? my gracious Lord:
And this is the day that I haue longd so happily to see.

Cas. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lor. Heauens will not let Lorenzo erre so much.

Cas. Why then Lorenzo listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou Lorenzo wrongst Hieronimo,
And in his suites towards his Majestie,
Still keeps him backe, & seekes to crosse his suite.

Lor. That I, my Lord?

Cas. I tell thee Sonne, my selfe haue heard it said
When (to my sorrow) I haue been affained,
To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.
Lorenzo, knowst thou not the common loue,
And kindnesse that Hieronimo hath wonne
By his desernes, within the Court of Spaine?
Or seest thou not the King my brothirs care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And hee exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assemblie,
Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,
To heare Hieronimo exclaime on thee?
Let mee, and looke thou tell mee truly,

Whence

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lies not in Lorenzos power
To stoppe the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A small aduantage makes a Water-breach;
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keepe backe
Him, and his Supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. haue seene his Passions,
That ill beseeemd the presence of a King:
And for I pitied him in his distresse,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. Hieronimo (my Sonne) mistakes thee then?

Lor. (My gracious Father, beleue me) so he doth.
But what's a sillie man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
Twere good (my Lord) that Hieronimo and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconster mee.

Cas. Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so;
Goe one of you and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar and Belimperia.

Bal. Come Belimperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith Heauen hath ordaind thee to be mine,
Disperse those Clouds and melancholy Lookes,
And cheare them vp with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my Loues, I will goe salute him.

Cas. Welcoine Balthazar; welcome braue Prince,
The Pledge of Castiles peace:

And welcome Belimperia : How now girl ?
Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus ?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue,
But *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*,
He haue a word with him.

Enter *Hieronimo* and a *Servant*.

Hiero. And wher's the Duke ?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Euen so : what new deuice haue they deuised to

Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reuenged? no, I am not the man.

Cas. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cas. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short ?
Then Ile begon, I thanke you for't.

Cas. Nay, stay *Hieronimo* : goe call him sonne.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my father craues a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cas. *Hiero*, I heare you find your selfe agreeued at my Son.
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King :
And say tis hee that intercepts your suites.

Hiero. Why is not this a Miserable thing my Lord ?

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cause.
And would beloth that one of your deserthes
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your Sonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of Spaine, mine honorable friend ?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Ile meete him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reporters of such
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much,
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or crosse my suite, that loued my Sonne so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gaue you cause,

Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile *Ciprians* ancient seate,
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it :
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. I mary, my Lord and shall.
Friendes (quoth he) see, Ile be friendes with you all:
Specially with you my louely Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes, the world is suspicioous,
And men may thinke what we imagaine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?

Hier. What else, it were a shaine it should not be so.

Cast. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day. Exeunt.

Hiero. Your Lordshipes to commaund,
Tha: Keepe your way. Exit.
Mi, chiamifa? Pni Correzza (he non sult)
Traditemba otrado uile. Exit.

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Erichia*, *Corberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,
To combate *Achimon* and *Erichus* in hell,
For neerd by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Caron* to the firelakes,
Such fearefull sights, as poore *Andrea* sees.
Revenge, awake. Enter *Revenge*.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduisde,
To sleepe away : What art warnd to watch?
Reuen. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble mee.
Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*; If *Loue*, as *Lone* hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuylance in Hell,
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynd in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules:
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
Cannot forget his Sonne *Horatio*.
Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile,
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found,
And slumbering is a common worldly wile:
Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how
Reuenge hath slept; and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumbe shew.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this mysterie.
Reuen. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,
As bright burning as the myd-dayes Sunne:
But after them, doth *Himen* hit as fast,
Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quenches them with blood:
As discontent that thinges continue so.
Ghost. Sufficeth mee, thy meaning's vnderstood,
And thankes vnto thee, and those infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Lovers woe:
Rest thee, for I will sit to see therest.

Reuen. Thus argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter *Belimperis* and *Hieronimo*.

Bel. Is this the loue thou bearst *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnesse that thou counterfaiteſt?

Are these the fruites of thine incessant teares? Hieronimo, are these thy passions, and noy of woe? Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments, That thou wert wont to weary men withall? O vnkind Father! O deceitfull World! With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe? With what dishonour, and the hate of men, From this dishonour and the hate of men, Thus to neglect the life and losse of him, Whom both my Letters, and thine owne beliefe Assures thee, to be causelesse slaughtered? Hieronimo, for shame Hieronimo, Be not a Historie to after times, Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne: Vnhappy Mother of such Children then: But monstrous Father, to forget so soone The death of those, whom they with care and cost, Haue tended so, thus carelesse, should be lost. My selfe a Stranger, in respect of thee: So loued his life, as still I wish their deaths: Nor shall his death be vngreuenge'd by mee, Although I beare it out for fashions sake, For heere I sweare, in sight of Heauen and Earth, Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldest retaine, And giue it ouer, and devise no more, My selfe should send their hatefull soules to Hell, That wrought his downefall, with extreamest death.

Hier. But may it be that Belimperia, Vowes such reuenge as I haue dauid to say? Why then I see that Heauen applies our drift, And all the Saintes doe sit soliting, For vengeance on those cursed Murderours. Madame tis true, and now I find it so: I found a Letter written in your name, And in that Letter, how Horatio dyed. Pardon, O pardon Belimperia, My feare and care is not beleauing it, Nor thinke, I thoughtlesse thinke vpon a meane,

To let his death be vncouer'd at full:
 And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
 And will conceale my resolution:
 I will ere long, determine of their deaths,
 That causelesse thus haue murdered my Sonne.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent conceale,
 And ought that may effect for thine availe,
 Ioyne with thee to reuenge Horatios death.

Hiero. Oh then, whatsoeuer I devise,
 Let me intreat you grace my practises:
 For why, the plot's already in my head,
 Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now Hieronimo: What, courting Belimperie?

Hiero. I my Lord, such courting, as I promise you
 She hath my heart; but you my Lord, haue hers.

Lor. But now Hieronimo never we are to intreat your helpe.

Hier. My helpe? why my good Lords, assure your selfes of me
 For you haue giuen me cause, I by my honour haue you.

Bal. It please you at th'entertainment of the Embassadors,
 To grace the King so much as with a Shew
 Now were your Studie so well furnished,
 As for the passing of the first nights sport
 To entertaine my Father with the like:
 Or any such like pleasing motion,
 Assure your selfe it would content them well.

Hier. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hier. Why then Ile fit you, say no more:
 When I was young, I gaue my minde,
 And plyde my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie;
 Which though it profit the professor naught,
 Yet is it passing pleasing to the World.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry (my good Lord) thus:
 And yet mee thinkes you are too quicke with vs.
 When in Tolledo, there I studied,
 It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie,

See heere my Lords, *He shewes them a Booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day :
Now woulde your Lordships fauour mee so much,
As but to grace mee with your acting it ;
I meane, each one of you to play a part :
Assure you, it will proue most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assemblie.

Bal. What, would you haue vs play a Tragedie ?

Hier. Why ? *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight
To make experiance of their Wittes, in Playes.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In fayth *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
Ile make one ?

Lor. And I, another.

Hier. Now (my good Lord) could you entreat
Your Sister *Belimperia* to make one ;
For what's a Play without a Woman in't ?

Bel. Little intreatie shall serue mee *Hieronimo*,
For I must needs be imployed in your Play.

Hier. Why this is well : I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue been acted
By Gentlemen, and Schollers too :
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be sayd, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speake :
If (as it is our Country manner)
You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The *Chronicles of Spaine*,
Record this written of a Knight of Rhedes:
Hee was betrothed, and wedded at the length.
To one *Perseda*, an Italian Dame,
Whose Beautie rauished all that her beheld ;
Especially the soule of *Soliman* :
Who at the Mariage, was the chiefeſt guest ;
By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne
Perseda loue, and could not gaine the same :

Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his Basbawes, whom he held full deare,
Her had this Basbaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbandes death: this Knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treacherie he slew.
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew Soliman:
And to escape the Basbawes tyrannie,
Did stab her selfe: and this is the Tragedie,

Lor. O excellent;

Bel. But say, Hieronimo, What then became of him?
That was the Basbaw?

Hie. Mary thus, mouued with remorse of his misdeedes,
Ran to a mountaine top and hangd himselfe.

Bal. But which of ys is to performe that part?

Hier. O, that will my Lords, make no doubt of it.
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hie. Great Soliman that Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hie. Erago, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hie. Perseda, chaste, and resolute,
And heere, my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your partes,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must prouide a Turkish cappe,
A blacke mustacio, and a Fauchion.
Gives a paper to Bal.

You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of Rhodes.

Gives another to Lor.

And Madame, you must attyre your selfe

Gives Bel. another.

Like Phebe, Flitra, or the Huntresse,
Which to your discretion shall seeme best.
And as for me my Lords, Ile looke to one,
And with the Ransome that the Vice-roy sent,

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, me thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hier. A Comedie, fie, Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to present a Kingly troupe with-all, it is vaine I say
Giue me a stately written Tragedie, then will I ydigne
Tragedia cother nato, fitting Kings, that could shew our state
Containing matter, and not common things,

My Lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first nights reuelling,
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one houers meditation, sime to suffice a long play
They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In Paris, Masse and well remembred,
There's one thing more that rest's for vs to doe.

Bal. What's that Hieronimo? forget not any thing:

Hier. Each one of vs must act his part,
In vnowne languages,
That it may breed the more varietie,
As you my Lord in Latin : I, in Greeke.
You in Italian : and for because I know
That Belimperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bal. You meane to try my cunning then Hieronimo.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. It must be so, for the conclusion,
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good :
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wonderous shew besides,
That I will have there behinde a curtaine,
Assure your selfe shall make the matter knownen,
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnesse.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus my Lord, wee must resolute
To sooth his humors vp. Hieronimo, fare well i will goe.
Bal. On then Hieronimo, fare well i will goe.
Hiero. Youle plie this geare? Hieronimo. I warrant you.

Lor. I warrant you. Exeunt all but Hieronimo.
Hiero. I why so: Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

Enter Isabella with a weapon in her hand.
Tell me no more, O monstrous homicide,
Since neither piety nor pietie moues
The King to lustice or compassion:
I will revenge my selfe upon this place,
Where they murdered my belouied Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour signore
Downe with these banches, and these lothsome boughes
Of this vnsfortunate and fatall Pine.
Downe with them Isabella, rent them vp,
And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprung,
I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this Garden plot,
Accursed complot of my miserie:
Fruitelesse for ever may this Garden be,
Barren the earth, and bleslesse whosoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnanured.
An Easterne winde commixt with neyosome ayres,
Shall blast the plants and the young Saplings,
The earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand a loofe, and looking at it, tell:
There murdered, died the sonne of Isabell,
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.
See where his Ghost sollicites with his woundes
Reuenge on her that should Reuenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to set thy sonne,
For Sorrow and Dispaire hath cited me,

To heare Horatio plead with Radamant; Make haft Hieronimo to hold exclude
Thy negligencie in pursue of their deaths. Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, besirue me to no ende in
And as I curse this tree from further fruite,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake:
And with this weapon will I wound the brest

Enter Hieronimo, he knockes on the Gallerie.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now Hieronimo, where's your fellowes?
That you take all this paine? Hier. O sir, it is for the Authours credite
To looke that al thinges may goe well: But good my L. let me intreat you Grace,
To give the King the coppie of the Play:

This is the Argumēt of what we shew

Cast. I will Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more my good Lord.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,

That when the traine are past into the Gallerie,

You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will Hieronimo.

Hier. What are you ready Baltazar?

Bring a Chaire and a Cushion for the King.

Enter Baltazar with a Chare.

Well done Baltazar, hang up the Title:

Our Sceane is Rhodes: what is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long?

Bethinke thy selfe Hieronimo,

Recall thy wittes, recount thy former wronges

Thou hast received by murder of thy Sonne;

Exit Cast.

Exit Balt.

And lastly, not least; how Isabell,
Once his Mother, and thy dearest Wife,
All woe be-gone for him, hath I am her selfe.
Behoues thee then Hieronimo, to be revenged.
The plot is layde of diere Revenge:
On then Hieronimo, pursue Revenge;
For nothing wants, but a King of Revenge.
Exit Hieronimo.
Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, Duke of Castile, and his
and their traine.

King. Now Vice-roy, shall we see the Tragedie
Of Soliman the Turkish Emperour,
Performde of pleasure, by your Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, Don Lorenzo, and my Neece?

Vice. Who, Belimperia?

King. I, and Hieronimo our Marshall,
At whose request they daine to doo't them-selues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.
Heere Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they shew.

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo in fullary Latinnes, that
thought good to be set downe in English, more clearly,
for the easier understanding to every
publicke Reader.

Enter Baltazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.
Balt. *B*las, that Rhodes is ours, yea & Rhodes the Roman,
And holy Nahome our sacred Prophet.
And be thou grac'd with every extellence,
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes, is lesse
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph,
Perfeda, blisfull Lampe of excellency,
Whose eyes compell like powefull Adamant,
The warlike heart of Soliman to waite.

King. See Vice-roy, that is Baltazar your Sonne.
That represents the Emperour Soliman.
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice.

Vice. I, Belimperie hath taught him that, in his opinion.
Capt. That's because his mind runs all on Belimperie.
Hier. Whatever joy earth yeeldes, betide your Maiestie.
Bal. Earth yeeldes no joy, without Perseda loue.
Hier. Then let Perseda on your Garce attend.
Bal. She shall not waight on me, but I on her, as all the world
Drawne by the influence of her lightes, I yeeldes.
But let my friend the Rhodium Knight come soorth, yet no bray.
Erafto, dearer then my life to mee,
That he may see Perseda my beloued.

Enter Erafto

King. Heere comes Loranzo, looke vpon the plot; now woy
And tell me brother, what part playes he? - wot me? . yea
Bal. Ah, my Erafto, welcome to Perseda.

Era. Thrise happy is Erafto, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to Eraftos joy, o i f abulaneo audibat
Sith his Perseda liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. Ah Basan, heere is loue betwixt Erafto,
And faire Perseda, soueraigne of my soule.

Hier. Remoue Erafto mightie Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quickly wonne.

Bal. Erafto is my friend, and while he liues,
Perseda never will remoue her loue.

Hier. Let not Erafto live to grieue great Soliman.

Bal. Deare is Erafto in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your riyall, let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so loue commaundeth me,
Yet grieue I that Erafto should so die.

Hier. Erafto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by mee, his highnesse will:
Which is, thou shouldest be thus employde.

Bal. Ayec me Erafto, see Soliman, Erafto's glaine.

Bal. Yet liueth Soliman to comfort thee.

Faire Quene of beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gratiouse eye behold his griefe,
That with Perseda, beautie is encreast,
If by Persedas griefe be not recaust.

Bal. Tyrant, deſtit ſeliciting vaine ſuites,

Stab him.

Releſt.

Relentlesse are mine eares to thy lamentis,
As thy butcher is pittilesse and base,
Which sceazd on my Erasto, harmelesse Knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power Perseda, doeth obey :
But were she able, thus, shee would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince. *Lether Stab him.*
And on her selfe, shee would be thus reveng'd. *Stab herselfe.*

King. Well sayd old Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But Belimperia playes Perseda well.

Vice. Were this in earnest Belimperia,

You would be better to my sonne than soe

King. But now what followes for Hieronimo?

Hier. Mary, this followes for Hieronimo :

Heere breake we off our sundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue : Not wch
Happely you thinke, but bootelesse be your thoughts :
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,
To die to day for (fashioning our Sceane)
The death of Ajax, or some Romane Peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience,
No Princes, know I am Hieronimo ;
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,
Whose tongue is turn'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errours in the Play.
I see your lookes vrge instance of these wordes :
Behold the reason vrging me to this.

He shewes his dead sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectable :
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end :
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine :
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost :
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft :
But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse,
All fled, failde, dyed; yea all decayde with this.
From foorth these woundes came breath that gaue me life :

They

They murdered me that made these fatall markes :
The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate :
The hate, *Lorenzo* and yound *Balthazar* ;
The loue, my sonne to *Belisperis* :
But night, the a couerer of accursed crimes,
With pitchie silence hush't the traytors harmes,
And lent them leue, for they had sorted leasure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my Sonne, my deare *Horatio* :
There mercilesse they Butchered vp my Boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death :
Hee shrikes, I heard, and yet mee thinkes I hear
His dismall outcrie eccho in the ayre :
With soonest speed I hasted to the noyse,
Where hanging on a tree I found my Sonne, lothes law be
Through girt with woundes, and slaughtered as you see :
And greeued, I (thinke you) at this spectacle ?
Speake *Portingale*, whose losse resemble mine,
If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I waild for my *Horatio*. O
And you my Lord, whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vnseene,
And rated me for braine-sickelunacie :
Which God amende, that mad *Hieronimo*,
How can you brooke our Playes Catastrophe ?
And heere behold this bloodie Hand-kercher,
Which at *Horatios* death, I (weeping) dipt
Within the riuier of his bleeding woundes :
Is as propitious : see, I haue reserved,
And never hath it left my bloodie hart,
Soliciting remembrance of my Vow :
With these, O these accursed murderers ;
Which now performde, my hart is satisfied :
And to this end, the *Bashaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhoder,
That I might kill him more conueniently.

So Vice-roy, was this Balibazar thy Sonne,
That Salomon, which Belimperia
In person of Perseda murdered:
Solely appoynted to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poore Belimperia mist her part in this,
For though the Storie sayth, she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him (whom they did hate too much)
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author, and Actor, in this Tragedie:
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my Play.
Vrg no more words, I haue no more to say.

Herunnes to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken Vice-roy, hold Hieronimo.
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayde, my Balibazar is slaine.
Breake open the doores, run, saue Hieronimo.

They breake in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but informe the King of these euentes,
Vpon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne:
Accursed wretch, why stai'st thou him that was resolud to die.

King. Speake traytor, damned bloody murderer speake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake:
Why hast thou done this vndeservyng deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Barhazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead?

Cast. I slaine, too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead; not one of them suruiue,

Hier.

Hier. Nay then I care not : come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heades togather :
See, heere's a goodly nooze will hold them.

Vice. O damned Devill, how secure he is.

Hier. Secure, why doest thou wonder at it?
I tell thee Vice-roy, this day I haue seene reveng'd,
And in that fight, am growne a prouder Monarch,
Then euer satte vnder the Crownc of Spaine :
Had I as many liues as there be Starres,
As many Heauenes to go to, as those liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my soule to bothe,
But I would see theeride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, Who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy Daughter Belimperia,
For by her hand my Balthazar was slaine :
I saw her stab him.

Hier. O good wordes : as deare to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.
My guiltlesse Sonne was by Lorenzo Raine,
And by Lorenzo, and that Balthazar,
Am I at last revenged thorowly.
Vpon whose soules may Heauenes be yet revenged
With greater farre, then these afflictions.
Me thinkes since I grew inward with Revenge,
I cannot looke with Scorne enough on Death.

King. What, doest thou mocke vs, Maulc, bring tortours forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe; and meane time Ile torture you :
You had a Sonne (as I take it) and your Sonne
Should ha'e been married to your daughter? ha, wast not so?
You had a Sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew :
Hee was proud and politicke : had hee liued,
He might a come to weare the Crownc of Spaine.
I thinke twas so : twas I that killed him,
Looke you this same hand, twas it that stab'd
His hart, doe ye see this hand,
For one Horatio, if you euer knew him?
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden :
One that did force your valiant Sonne to yelde,

While your valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.
Vice. Be deafe my Sences; I can heare no more.
King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.
Cast. Rowle all the World within thy pitchy cloude.
Hier. Now doe I applaude what I haue acted.

Nunc mers cademans.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,
First, take my Tongue, and afterward my Heart.

Hee bites out his Tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a Wretch:
See Vice-roy, he hath bitten foorth his Tongue,
Rather then to reueale what wee require.

Cast. Yet can hee Write.

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
Wee will devise th'extreameſt kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a Wretch.

Hee makes signes for a Knife to mend his Pen.

Cast. O, hee would haue a Knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the trouth.
Looke to my Brother: Saue Hieronimo.

Hee with the Knife stabst the Duke and him selfe

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?
My Brother, and the whole succeſſing hope
Of Spaine expeſted, after my diſease.
Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne
The losſe of our beloued Brothers death,
That hee may be intomb'd what ere befall:
I am the next, the neareſt last of all.

Vice. And thou Don Pedro, doe the like for vs:
Take vp our hapleſſe Sonne, vntimely ſtaine,
Set mee with him, and hee with woefull mee:
Vpon the maine Mast of a Ship vntand,
And let the Winde and Tide hale mee along
To Sillas barking, and vntamed griefe:
Or to the lothſome Poole of Achiron,
To weep my want for my sweete Balthazar,
Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale.

Exonne.

Tim

The Trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spain
mourning after his Brothers body: and the King of
Portugal bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost, and Revenger.

Ghost. I, now my Hopes haue end in their effectes:
Whem Blood and Sorrow finish my Desires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower,
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slaine:
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint deuice,
Faire Isabella by her selfe mistorne,
Prince Baltazar by Belimperia stab'd,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by old Hieronimo:
My Belimperia falne as Dido fell.
And good Hieronimo slaine by him selfe:
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I begge at louely Proserpine,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my Friends in pleasing sort,
And on my Foes worke iust and sharpe Revenge.
Ile lead my friend Horatio through those Fieldes,
Where never dying Warres are still inurde.
Ile lead faire Isabella to that traime,
Where Pittie weepes, but never feeleth paine.
Ile lead my Belimperia to thoseloyes,
That Vestall Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse.
Ile lead Hieronimo where Orphant playes,
Adding sweete pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say Revenger, for thou must helpe me none,
Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne?
Revenger. This hand shall halde them downe to deepest Hell,
Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.
Ghost. Then sweete Revenger, doe this at my request,
Let mee be Judge, and doome them to vnrest.

Let loose poore Timus from the Vuln'ry gripe,

And let Dan Ciprius supply his roome.

Place Don Lorenz on Ixiens Wheele:

And let the Louers endlesse paines surcease:

Iuno forgets old wrath, and graunts him ease.

Hang Balthazar about Chineras necke,

And let him there bewayle his bloody Loue.

Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.

Let Serberine goe roule the fatall Stone,

And take from Sicilia his endlesse moane.

False Pedringano for his tretcherie,

Let him be dragde through boylling Trebrenne,

And there live, dying still in endlesse flame,

Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Renoufe.

Then haste we downe to meett thy Friends and Foes;

To place thy Friends in easse, the rest in woes;

For heere, though Death hath end their miserie,

He there begin their endlesse Tragedie.

FINIS.



